



No. 357.—Vol. XXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LORD METHUEN,  
WHOSE GUARDS' DIVISION SO GALLANTLY STORMED THE BOER POSITION NEAR BELMONT.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.



## THE CLUBMAN

The casualties which have befallen the Guards' Brigade hit Clubland very hardly, for most of the officers who have been killed or wounded were well known in the world of the Clubs.

Lieutenant Hollinshead-Blundell, who came of a soldier family, his uncle having served in the Grenadiers, was very well known in the hunting-field, for he hunted the drag at Windsor for several seasons.

Major the Hon. North Dalrymple-Hamilton, who is severely wounded, is most unlucky, for this is the second time in his career that he has received a disabling wound, the first time being in the Soudan, where he acted as Brigade-Major to the Brigade of Guards. He is well known and well liked in the political world as well as in Clubland.

Lieut.-Colonel Crabbe is one of the best-known men in London. The public know him as the Secretary to the annual Tournament at Islington, and the Brigade of Guards knows him as one of its ablest organisers. Whether it is a boxing competition or the editing of the Brigade Magazine, nothing comes amiss to him.

The wound that Brigadier-General Fetherstonhaugh has received gives his Brigade to a Guardsman, a man of many Clubs, and one of the most popular men in London Society, Brigadier-General Pole-Carew. General Pole-Carew did most of his soldiering in his early days in India, first as Aide-de-Camp, and then as Military Secretary to Lord Roberts. In the latter capacity, it was said of him that he said "No" in a way that was more pleasant than most men's "Yes." The natives in India could never pronounce his name properly, the nearest they could get to it being "Polly-Carey," and as "Polly-Carey" the General has always been known in the Service.

The shooting of poor young Willoughby, one of Lord Ancaster's sons, by the ruse of hoisting the white flag, emphasises what I have said before on the subject in this column. The flag of truce shown by a body of armed Boers should not be recognised. If a party of Boers lay down their arms, retire from them, and hoist the white flag, then, and then only, attention should be paid to it. One of the methods the Boers have of approaching close to game is for one of their number to wave a flag of some kind. The springbok will sometimes stand still for some seconds gazing at this novelty to them, and the hunters make the most of their time. They look on hoisting the white flag in warfare as they do on the ruse of the flag in sport. The value they attach to a protecting flag in their opponents' case is shown by the systematic way in which they fire at buildings protected by the Red Cross flag.

The shooting of Lieutenant Hollinshead-Blundell by a wounded Boer whom he was tending was an individual act of savagery and treachery for which the Boers as a people cannot be held responsible, but the whole of their forces share the infamy of abusing the use of the white flag and of disregarding the Geneva flag.

When the news of Lord Methuen's victory first reached London, the men who stand by the news-boards of the Clubs waiting for news to be posted said to each other, "Is this another newspaper victory?" The War Office intelligence had for once beaten any other in quickness, and it was a comfort to the world waiting for news to know that it was official and reliable. Some of the newspapers have much to be answerable for in sending out misleading "bills of contents."

A correspondent at "the front" telegraphs that there is a rumour that there has been an engagement at one place or another, and the hearts of all of us who have relations and dear friends at "the front" are set beating by a great placard with an announcement of "Desperate Fighting" and "Terrible Losses." If some Member of Parliament would bring in a short Bill to make the issuing of misleading "bills of contents" a punishable offence, it would restrain the men who draw them up, and think only of the extra halfpennies that a sensational bill will bring in, from letting their imaginations run away with them, and it would spare the mothers and sisters of the men who are fighting for us many unnecessary heart-wrenches. In some ways, the old days, when the first announcement of a victory was made by the garlanded coach which went tearing along the high-road, carrying the news to London, were better than the present ones. There were more weary days spent in waiting for news when the telegraph had not been invented; but our nerves were not set a-quiver day after day by tidings of battles that have not been fought and victories that have existed only in the fantastic brain of a Natal Zulu.

I hope that, when Sir Francis Wingate gets his reward for the final blow struck at the Khalifa's power, the men who have commanded the various arms under him will not be forgotten. Lewis Bey, who is the commander of the infantry, is as determined a leader as North Africa has ever seen. His fight against Ahmed Fedil at Rosieres, where his Soudanese battalions had to ford a branch of the Nile, and then to attack the Dervishes, strongly intrenched on an island, was the most desperate of all recent battles in the Soudan; but then, as now, men in England had their eyes turned in another direction, and the valiant little Welsh Colonel did not receive the reward he deserved.

I hear from Cannes that the pavilion of the Golf Club is being altogether rebuilt. It will, when completed, resemble an English gentleman's cottage. A new lunch-room with a broad verandah is being added, and all the rooms on the first floor are to be devoted to the use of ladies. The ground on which the Club stands has now been bought by the Club, instead of, as heretofore, being leased. The Grand Duke Michael is President of the Club.

## THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

"Up, Guards, and at 'em!" cried Wellington at Waterloo, and on Thursday last, when the same injunction was re-echoed by Methuen near Belmont, the Guards' Brigade once more responded as gallantly to the call as they did on the memorable occasion when it was first uttered.

The action in which our troops so signally distinguished themselves occurred at a place known as Kaffir's Kop, about ten miles to the east of Belmont. Advancing towards this spot by a night-march last Wednesday, Lord Methuen, with 7000 men behind him, encountered the Boers at dawn on the following day. They were strongly posted on three ridges and amply provided with artillery. To the British General and his gallant troops, however, this was of no moment. The enemy were between them and the beleaguered garrison at Kimberley; therefore, they must be dispersed. Accordingly, to the stirring roll of the drums, and the shrill "skirling" of the pipes (furnished by the Scots Guards), the infantry, led by the Grenadiers and the Northumberland Fusiliers, dashed forward amid a perfect hail of bullets.

Deadly as was the fire of the enemy, who were snugly intrenched behind boulders, our men did not waver for an instant, and, with a rousing British cheer, the first ridge was carried at the point of the bayonet. In the same manner, the assault was delivered on the second and third ridges. Here, however, the fight was far more stubborn, and it was not until our artillery had steadily shelled their position with shrapnel that the Boers were finally driven from the hill, and the engagement brought to an end. In this, in addition to putting the enemy to utter rout (and thus, indirectly, relieving the tension at Kimberley), Lord Methuen captured the Boer laager, with a quantity of stores and ammunition, and took some fifty prisoners. No wonder Her Majesty sent her Guards a gracious message of approbation as soon as the news of their gallant conduct was received in London.

Important as was the victory, the price in the lives of brave men that we paid for it was an extremely heavy one. The casualty-returns on this occasion make grim reading, amounting, as they do, to 59 killed, 148 wounded, and 18 missing. As usual, a large proportion of our losses was sustained by the commissioned ranks, four of whom were killed and nineteen wounded. Among these latter were such well-known London personalities as Lieut.-Colonel Crabbe, 3rd Grenadiers, Major the Hon. North Dalrymple-Hamilton, 1st Scots, and Lieutenant the Hon. Claude Willoughby, 2nd Coldstreams. Here's to their speedy recovery, as well as to that of their comrades-in-arms of the rank-and-file!

At daybreak on Saturday Lord Methuen again encountered the enemy, and a fiercely contested action took place at Gras Pan, six miles to the north of Belmont. The honours of the day on this occasion fell to the Naval Brigade and the infantry, both of whom are officially reported to have "specially distinguished themselves." The fighting is described as having been "desperate till 10 a.m., when the heights were carried." Further details as to the engagement amply bear this out. Nearly 3000 Boers, with six field-guns and two quick-firers, had intrenched themselves in a strong position along a ridge commanding a road upon which Lord Methuen's column was advancing. Under cover of a heavy shrapnel fire from our artillery, the Naval Brigade and the infantry assaulted in combination. During the engagement that ensued, Commander Ethelston, R.M.S. *Powerful*, and Major Plumbe and Captain Senior, of the Marine Light Infantry and Marine Artillery, were killed. The first-named officer joined the Navy in 1875, and was on active service in Egypt in 1884. Major Plumbe had been all through the first Soudan campaign, and was wounded at Tel-el-Kebir. Captain Senior was only twenty-four years old when a Boer bullet found its billet for him. The deaths of these gallant officers are a heavy loss to their Queen and country.

On the evening of Saturday Sir Redvers Buller arrived at Durban, and immediately proceeded up country. This is excellent news, as it shows that his preparations for the combined advance of the Army Corps (which already numbers more than 50,000) are in a very forward state. Accordingly, the present week is likely to be an extremely stirring one. Unfortunately, the want of sufficient cavalry in the Natal Force is still rather retarding its progress. It is satisfactory, therefore, to note that a fair proportion of the latest arrivals among the "gentlemen in khaki ordered South" are members of the mounted arm.

At Ladysmith, Sir George White has recently been turning the tables on General Joubert with considerable effect. Thus, in a night-attack which took place a short time ago, he is said to have captured a quantity of stores belonging to the investing force, and also some of the big guns that had been causing his camp so much annoyance. This goes far to explain the mysterious cable that arrived from Maritzburg coincidentally with this intelligence, and ran as follows: "The Dutch here are weeping to-day; they have evidently received very bad news." Under the circumstances, their grief is not unnatural, and as soon as Clery succeeds in establishing communication with White they will probably find occasion to shed additional tears.

At home, continued activity has prevailed during the week. In addition to the almost daily embarkation of troops for the front, orders have been issued for the embodiment of eight more Militia regiments, and a portion of the Yeomanry has also been notified to hold itself in readiness for mobilisation. Then, a very large number of gifts—consisting principally of warm clothing and tobacco—have been sent out to Natal, for the use of our soldiers there, by the public who are so generously responding to the appeal of Lady White and of others. The present, however, which our brave fellows will undoubtedly value most is that one which Her Gracious Majesty the Queen is personally making them.





LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LORD METHUEN, VICTOR AT KAFFIR'S KOP AND GRAS PAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.



## "THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR."

No doubt it would be foolish to expect that such a *pièce de circonstance* as a melodrama dealing with the Battle of Glencoe—not the massacre at Glencoe of the Macdonalds that lies ill on the memory of William III.—would be a valuable work of art. Even the prolific Parker could hardly have written a four-act play of quality in the time at the command of Mr. Arthur Shirley for writing "The Absent-Minded Beggar," which was produced at the Princess's Theatre on Saturday; so the audience is expected to accept as conceivable much that is obviously incredible, and leave finish and style out of the question. The piece is upon the old familiar lines. The *milieu* of the first act, Ivor and Co.'s Flag and Banner Factory, Lambeth, is rather well chosen, and leads to some picturesque business ere the play actually settles down to business, and shows how Karl van Buren, the Boer emissary, treads and spits on the Union Jack—without causing such howls of horror in the audience as I expected—and succeeds in getting the heroine and hero reduced to poverty. Karl is the embodiment of villainy foreshadowed in the famous line, "Once aboard the lugger and the gyrl is mine." He loves the heroine, Mrs. Gilbert Hay, madly, and to win her is willing to adopt any means, fair or foul, but preferably foul. Fortunately for the Hays, Karl van Buren has a mother, who naturally is unwilling that her son should commit abominable crimes in order to get an unwilling married woman, so, despite his wickedness, Van Buren does not have a real "look in" during the play. When he charges the heroine with having stolen his mother's bracelet—perhaps a somewhat indirect way of gaining her love—the mother interposes and says she gave the trinket to the girl; when he tries to kidnap Mrs. Hay's baby, a comic soldier suddenly pops up and threatens to ventilate him with a bayonet when he succeeds in getting Kathleen Hay captured by the Boers, he finds himself under arrest in the English camp; when he tries to rob his mother, he is interrupted by the hero, and when he tries to murder him, is shot in the back by a Kaffir boy. Poor Karl, he merely disproved the implied promise contained in the maxim, "If you don't succeed at first, try, try, try again!"

In reality the play depends for success on its spectacular effects. The first of much moment was the review of the Duke of York's boys at the St. George's Barracks, with the Queen in a carriage at the back and a Highlander on the box-seat. Dozens, scores, perhaps hundreds, of lads in uniform were manoeuvred and marched past, a patriotic song by Mr. John Radford was sung, and everyone seemed delighted. The second affair was an attack by an armoured-train full of soldiers on a party of Boers about to murder a number of women, children, and unarmed soldiers—is it quite fair to our adversaries to suggest that such infamies are committed? The last and best is the storming of an intrenched hill by the British troops, in which a tremendous amount of powder is burnt, to the great delight and excitement of the house. The success of "The Absent-Minded Beggar" as a spectacle seems assured. In the acting much was excellent, notably that of Miss Lillah McCarthy, Mr. R. B. Warner, and Miss Nelly Marler.

THE SURPRISING HISTORY OF "LONG TOM":  
HIS DIARY.

*Before Ladysmith. Oct. 24, 1899.*—Got to work this morning seven miles out of Ladysmith. Understand that English correspondents credit me with great accuracy. Of course, accuracy is a correspondent's virtue. Highly gratified! Hear, further, with less gratification, English correspondents allege that I was silenced. This may, or may not, be the case.

*Oct. 26.*—Cleared party of twenty men out of Rowan's Farm. Feel conceited.

*Oct. 30, 3.40 p.m.*—Busy afternoon. Exchanged compliments with British Naval Detachment. Understand that English correspondents say, "Quick-firing guns came into action with great effect against Boers' position-gun."

*Later.*—Although reported silenced, "reopened with great vigour," correspondents say.

*Oct. 31.*—Am to-day intrenched at Pepworth's Kop. I understand the name is now to be changed to "Pepper for all you're worth's Kop." Converses with British Naval Brigade. Flatter myself that silence is golden.

*Later.*—Reopened, and (according to correspondents) was quickly disabled. Hurriedly repaired and brought into service once more. Naval Brigade again persuade me that silence is golden.

*11.50 a.m.*—Spoke six times to the British. Treated their answer with silent contempt.

*4.40 p.m.*—Tried my persuasive arguments on Lady Smith, who took my wooing shrewishly. Desisted 6.15 p.m.

*Nov. 2.* *In position on Mount Umbulwani.*—Shall set down English correspondents' words as curiosities: "Naval guns returned fire with excellent results." (Oh, call my gunners back to me; I cannot play alone!)

*Later.*—Again tried to persuade Lady Smith. Understand British Naval gunners confident of keeping down my fire. ("Oh, Captain Shaw, type of true love kept under!")

*Nov. 9.*—Confound those British Naval 4.7 guns!!

On reviewing my diary cannot possibly find out whether I am mounted or dismounted, silent or eloquent. Shall hold my tongue and perpend.

## ABOUT ATHLETICS.

BY W. YARDLEY.

On Wednesday of last week, at Northampton, the East Midlands fairly opened the eyes not only of their opponents, Kent, but of the amateurs of the Rugby game of football. It is not improbable that they were as surprised themselves as was anybody else at their victory, for it was totally unexpected. It was none the less meritorious on that account. They got to work with a will at the very outset, and within the first ten minutes of play succeeded in securing a fine lead of two tries.

Of course, such a splendid beginning naturally inspired them with confidence, and they played by far the finest game they have as yet done this season. H. E. Kingston at half-back, and Swallow and Simmonds at three-quarter, particularly distinguished themselves, Kingston securing two of the tries out of the total of a goal and three tries for the East Midlands.

Kent, although defeated, were by no means disgraced, for they fought with consummate courage and determination to retrieve the position they lost at the outset, and succeeded in obtaining a goal and a try. Kent, however, were not seen at their best, for their passing was by no means up to the mark, and their ultimate defeat was caused by this defection and the promptness with which their opponents turned these blunders to their own advantage.

On the same day, at Richmond, Surrey and Middlesex indulged in a highly interesting encounter, despite the fact that neither county can be considered to hold a position in the front rank of this season's football. Middlesex certainly played the better game of the two on the day, and thoroughly deserved their hard-earned victory by 3 goals (1 penalty) to 2.

It is a decided matter for regret, not only to the management of the County Football, but also to those deeply interested in the welfare of Middlesex, whose name is Legion, that the play, which only a few years ago was up to such a high standard of excellence, should have degenerated into what at best is now but mediocre. It is to be hoped that the success of Wednesday will fire the enthusiasm of the Metropolitan County up to at least an attempt to regain their pristine fame.

It is not without interest to hear that the recreation of the "Tommies" who are prisoners in the racecourse at Pretoria is football. I have no doubt that they would enjoy nothing better than to inveigle a team of their Boer guards into a match against them, in which case it is not improbable that the ordinary rules of the game would become pretty elastic, and that the stolid Transvaalers would have a roughish time of it, which would not enamour them greatly of the game.

I am unable to deal with personal experience of any of Saturday's games, owing to the fact that I am absent from town, indulging in only the second opportunity I have had this season of affording the time for a couple of days' shooting. I don't know that in all my experience of the sport I ever partook of a prettier day's covert-shooting than on Thursday last, when, on an estate in Essex, I was of a party of seven guns who shot 530 pheasants and about eighty other head of game of various sorts.

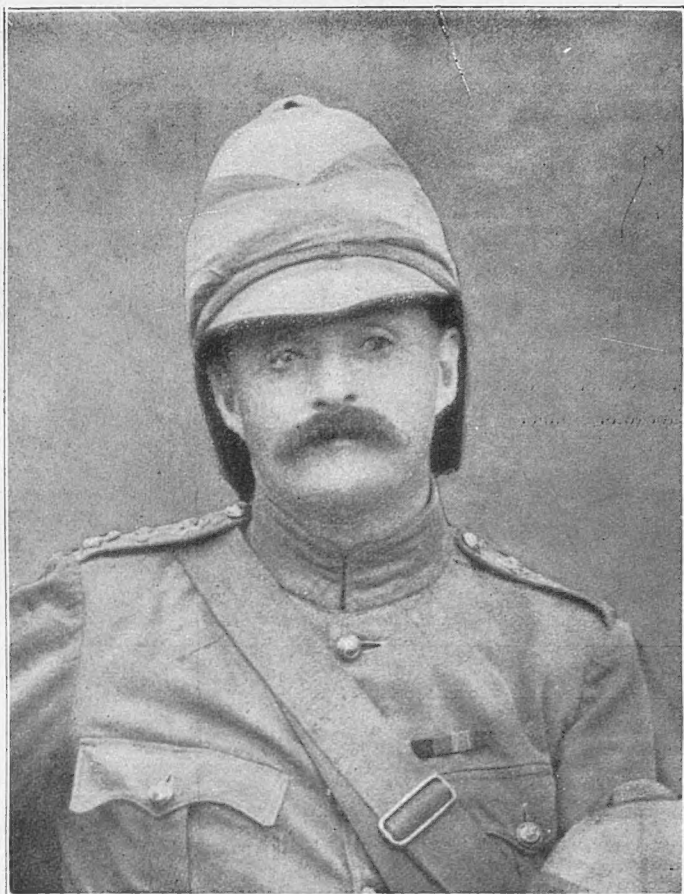
It is not that the quantity is anything out of the way, but, without exaggeration, from first to last there was not a shot that was not of a genuinely sporting character, the pheasants being risen invariably at a considerable distance from the guns, and brought over at a height that fairly taxed the skill of the shooters.

Last Saturday afternoon, "The Manxman," dramatised by Mr. Wilson Barrett from Mr. Hall Caine's powerful novel of the same name, was revived at the Lyceum Theatre. In spite of its sad ending, this is, perhaps, the most popular of the versions of Mr. Caine's novels, and its success is due in no small degree to the power and simple pathos of Mr. Barrett's impersonation of the noble-hearted and sorely tried Manxman. Saturday's performance, before a crowded audience, showed that the play had lost nothing of its moving qualities. The part of the and erring heroine, Kate Cregeen, falls once more to Miss Maud Jeffries, also specially noteworthy in a generally strong cast are Mr. Percyval's Philip Christian, Mr. Ambrose Manning's Cæsar Cregeen, and Miss Daisy Belmore's Nancy. Next Saturday afternoon will be given up to "Othello," and on the following Saturday Mr. Wilson Barrett will repeat his performance of "Hamlet."

All good luck attend Mr. H. H. Cameron, Mr. Comyns Carr, and their coadjutors in the approaching Christmas production at the Lyceum! "The Snow Man" is described as "a fairy play for old and young," and its story (with a powerful touch of the supernatural) is told in such a way as to combine with the fantastic element a decidedly romantic interest. No Christmas production is complete without plenty of good music, and here again "The Snow Man" scores by reason of the quality of M. Bané's and Mr. W. Slaughter's music. In addition, that prince of pantomime librettists, Arthur Sturges, has managed to remodel and re-frame the story in a way that should prove exceedingly attractive. And what a cast of principals (not to speak of the children)! When one has named Madame Elba, Miss Ruth Davenport, Messrs. James Welch, Courtice Pounds, Murray King, and J. J. Dallas, the list isn't half exhausted.

Commencing with next Monday, "El Capitan" has but one week more to run. On Wednesday, Dec. 13, Mr. Hopper will present another of his American successes, to be called on this side of the water "The Mystical Miss." In America it was given under the title of "The Charlatan," but, as that title has been used in this country already, a new one had to be chosen. This new opera is by Sousa and Klein, the authors of "El Capitan," and was presented in America with great success.





CAPTAIN EAGAR (NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS), KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF KAFFIR'S KOP.

*Photo by Knight, Aldershot.*



LIEUTENANT BRINE (NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS), KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF KAFFIR'S KOP.

*Photo by Knight, Aldershot.*

Pipe-Major Laing. Corporal-Piper Ross  
(Champion Piper of the British Army)



PIPER OF THE 1ST SCOTS GUARDS, WHO FIGURED BRAVELY AT THE BATTLE OF KAFFIR'S KOP.

*To the stirring roll of the drums, and the shrill "skirling" of the pipes (furnished by the Scots Guards), the infantry, led by the Grenadiers and the Northumberland Fusiliers, dashed forward amid a perfect hail of bullets.—THE SKETCH WAR CHRONICLE.*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BALL, REGENT STREET, W.



The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will OPEN on WEDNESDAY, the 29th inst., and CLOSE on or before FRIDAY, Dec. 1, 1899, at 4 p.m., for both Town and Country.

## THE BRISEIS TIN MINES, LIMITED,

Tasmania. Incorporated under the Companies Acts 1862-98.  
CAPITAL £600,000, DIVIDED INTO £600,000 SHARES OF £1 EACH.  
One-third of the above issue—that is, 200,000 Shares—will be issued to the Vendors in part payment of the purchase-money, and the balance, namely—  
400,000 SHARES, ARE NOW OFFERED FOR PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION AT PAR.  
PAYABLE—2s. 6d. per Share on Application; 7s. 6d. per Share on Allotment; 5s. per Share on Jan. 31, 1900; 5s. per Share on March 31, 1900.  
Applicants may pay up in full at any time, and will be entitled to receive interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum upon amounts paid in advance.  
Of this issue, £20,000 in cash will be reserved for Working Capital, &c., which amount is guaranteed.

### DIRECTORS.

The Right Hon. the EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, P.C. (Chairman).  
H. J. BRISTOW, Director of the Waihi Gold Mining Company, Limited.  
F. S. E. DRURY, Director of Stratton's Independence, Limited.  
T. PYKE, Director of } The Mount Lyell Mining and Railway Company, Limited.  
The Broken Hill Proprietary Company, Limited.

### LOCAL BOARD, MELBOURNE.

A. E. LANGFORD, Melbourne (Chairman).  
The Hon. A. J. PEACOCK, Chief Secretary for Victoria.  
W. ALLEN, Melbourne.  
T. P. HUSBAND, Melbourne.  
R. S. WHITING, Melbourne.

GENERAL MANAGER AND SUPERINTENDING ENGINEER.—H. W. FERD. KAYSER, General Manager Mount Bischoff Tin Mining Co.

OFFICIAL AGENT IN TASMANIA.—The Hon. R. STAFFORD BIRD, Treasurer for the Colony of Tasmania.  
BANKERS.

SMITH, PAYNE, and SMITHS,  
1, Lombard Street, E.C.

BANK OF AUSTRALASIA,  
4, Threadneedle Street, E.C.; Melbourne; and Branches.

BROKERS.—JOHN GIBBS, SON, and CO., 29, Cornhill, and Stock Exchange, E.C.  
SOLICITORS FOR THE VENDORS.—BURN and BERRIDGE, 11, Old Broad Street, E.C.  
SOLICITORS FOR THE COMPANY.

JENKINS, BAKER, BEHRENS, and WREFFORD BROWN, 134, Fenchurch Street, E.C.  
AUDITORS.—JACKSON, PIXLEY, BROWNING, HUSEY, and CO., 58, Coleman Street, E.C.  
SECRETARY.—HARRY PARSON SMITH.  
OFFICES.—3, Princes Street, London, E.C.  
PROSPECTUS.

This company is formed for the purpose of acquiring the Briseis Tin Mining Property, situated at Derby, Dorset County, in the North-Eastern Tin Field of Tasmania, and of providing capital for the introduction of a largely increased water-supply, and the proposed acquisition of the adjoining property, thus enabling the Mine to be worked on a much more extended scale than hitherto.

The Briseis property is held under the usual Mining Leases direct from the Tasmanian Government, and consists of large flats, covering an area of about 180 acres, situated at the head of a steep gorge leading into the Ringarooma River, near the outlet of the Cascade River.

The Krushka Brothers' Home Mine, over which the Company acquires an option, is held under similar Mining Leases.

Shallow deposits of alluvial on these flats have been profitably worked for tin since 1877, but the chief value of the property to be acquired consists in two immense deposits of tin-bearing drift. One of these, called the Briseis Lead, has, by systematic development, been proved to traverse the property for a distance of 3960 feet, averaging 396 feet in width and 100 feet in depth, as will be seen from the Report and Plan (accompanying the Prospectus) of Mr. H. W. Ferd. Kayser, General Manager and Superintending Engineer of the Mount Bischoff Tin Mines of Tasmania, and ex-President of the Australian Institute of Mining Engineers.

Mr. Kayser has, by his capable management, enabled the Mount Bischoff Company, since 1878, to return to its Shareholders monthly dividends amounting in the aggregate to upwards of £1,500,000 sterling.

The Briseis stanniferous, or tin-bearing, deposit alone is estimated to yield 5,808,000 cubic yards of drift. Allowing only one per cent. of black oxide of tin (yielding 74 per cent. metallic tin), which Mr. Kayser believes to be under the average, on account of the very rich dirt met with in the deep ground, this would give a result of over £4,000,000 as the value of the tin ore, calculating the price of pure tin at only £100 per ton, which is considerably below the present price. This valuation does not embrace the other Lead on the property hereafter referred to as the Cascade Lead.

A further indication of the value of the property can be gathered from Mr. Kayser's Report, where he says that as an alluvial tin-mine the Briseis will, with increased water-power, compare favourably in importance with the Mount Morgan for gold, the Mount Lyell for copper, the Broken Hill for silver and lead, and the Mount Bischoff for tin, all that is required being an extended scale of working.

In addition to the proved deposit of stanniferous drift known as the Briseis Lead, to which the valuation of over £4,000,000 is confined, Mr. Kayser in his Report refers to another deposit on the property called the Cascade Lead, the length of which he fixes at a quarter of a mile, and he adds that, although this is a shallower deposit than the Briseis, yet it would appear to be the richer of the two, and concludes by stating that he "would not be surprised if the result of its working doubled the figures in the clear return."

The property is well opened up, the present owners having carried out a system of extensive developments, consisting of a series of open cuts, shafts, and bores (see plans and notes accompanying the Prospectus), exposing enormous faces of stanniferous drift ready for hydraulic operations on a large scale. For the purpose of disposing of the washed gravel or tailings, a tail-race tunnel, 8 feet high by 6 feet wide, has been driven a total length of over half a mile through 1050 feet of stanniferous drift and 1200 feet of granite, leading, by means of a channel, into the Ringarooma River.

On the completion of the work necessary for the introduction of the additional water-supply recommended by the engineers, whose reports are attached, the Mines should be in a position to enormously increase their present output of tin, which is practically only limited by the amount of water available. Even with the limited water-supply at present available, cable returns show that the average yield during the three months ending September last (part of the rainy season) has been about 37 tons of black oxide of tin per month, without taking into account the output from the Krushka Brothers' property.

Steps have been taken to obtain from the Tasmanian Government the right to draw from the Ringarooma River an additional 100 sluice-heads of water, which would bring the total supply to upwards of a million gallons per hour. The Directors propose at once to construct the necessary water-channel, as recommended by Mr. Kayser, at an estimated cost of £22,000.

This, in Mr. Kayser's opinion, will be sufficient for all requirements, and, with the acquisition of the adjoining property, should secure and maintain an output of 250 to 300 tons of black tin per month.

Subsequent to the date of Mr. Kayser's Report, and on his recommendation, an option has been obtained for the purchase of the adjoining property, the Krushka Brothers' Home Mine, which, as will be seen from the Sectional Plan accompanying the Prospectus, is the natural outlet of the Lead. Besides securing a second face for working the Mines, the acquisition of this property will lead to further economy in working. This option will be transferred to the Company, and the Directors may exercise it if they consider it advantageous to do so, sufficient working capital being provided by this issue for the purpose.

Mr. R. F. Moore in his Report (page 22), which also accompanies the Prospectus, refers to the magnificent results obtained from their property by the Krushka Brothers, who discovered the great Tin Lead traversing the Briseis property from north to south, and who have, he states, been working the northern end of the Lead since 1877, although using the most primitive methods. The Plans accompanying the Prospectus give the position of the Krushka Brothers' Mine in relation to the Briseis Tin-Mines.

Mr. Kayser states that the working expenses of hydraulic sluicing are very low, and in a cable set out below he has estimated the total expenses, to cover sluicing, transport, smelting, and other charges, at roughly £10 per ton of pure metallic tin produced.

The present rate of output from the two properties, with their insufficient water-supply, and working only eight hours per day, should represent a return of about 8 per cent. on the capital of the Company, while it will be seen from Mr. Kayser's Report that he is of opinion that, by the installation of an electric-light plant, the output of the Briseis Company can be at once trebled, and that the new water-power can be available at the mine in about nine months' time.

In order to show the probable profits that should be realised by the Company when the new water-supply is available, the following statement, based on Mr. Kayser's estimate of output and cost, has been prepared, the value of the metal being taken at £100 per ton, which is considerably below the present price.

	Profit per Annum.	Per Cent. on present Capitalisation.
250 tons Tin Oxide per month		
At £100 per ton of Metallic Tin . . . .	£199,800 . . . .	33.3 per cent.
300 tons Tin Oxide per month		
At £100 per ton of Metallic Tin . . . .	239,760 . . . .	39.96 per cent.

For the purposes of the above calculation, the Tin Oxide is taken as equal to 74 per cent. of Pure Metallic Tin, and a uniform deduction of £10 per ton Metallic Tin has been made for expenses.

The Directors, realising the importance of securing Mr. Kayser's services as General Manager and Superintending Engineer of the Briseis Mines, have by cable entered into an arrangement with him whereby he has agreed to act in this capacity for a period of three years.

Copies of the Reports of Mr. H. W. Ferd. Kayser and Mr. R. F. Moore, upon which the foregoing statements in regard to the property are based, together with a plan of the proposed water-race and plans and photographs of the Mines, accompany the Prospectus.

The Report of Mr. Kayser was made for Mr. A. E. Langford prior to his entering into the Contract after referred to with the Briseis Tin Mining Company for the acquisition of the property, and was confirmed on Sept. 23, 1899, by cable to the Venture Corporation, Limited, in the following terms: "In reply to your cable dated 22nd, I can fully confirm figures and statement output my Report conditional upon completion my scheme I estimate the total expenses at roughly £10 per ton (metallic tin)." The Report of Mr. R. F. Moore was obtained by Mr. Langford's representatives.

The price to be paid for the property, including water-rights, easements, buildings, hydraulic machinery and equipment, together with the option above referred to, has been fixed at the sum of £510,000, payable as to £150,000 in cash, as to £200,000 in Shares, and as to the balance, in cash or Shares, at the option of the Directors. The Venture Corporation, Limited, who are the Vendors and Promoters, and who are making a profit on the resale, pay all the expenses of forming and floating the Company up to allotment.

The present issue will provide £200,000 cash, available for improvements on the property, the additional water-supply above referred to, additional plant, machinery, &c., and, if thought advisable, the acquisition of the adjoining property owned by the Krushka Brothers, which sum Mr. Kayser states is more than ample for all purposes.

The following Contracts have been entered into—

Contract dated 18th April, 1899, between the Briseis Tin Mining Company (no liability) of the one part, and Albert Edward Langford of the other part. Contract dated the 22nd day of September, 1899, between the said Albert Edward Langford of the one part, and the Venture Corporation, Limited, of the other part. Contract dated the 16th day of October, 1899, between Charles Krushka, Frederick William Krushka, and Christopher Krushka, of the one part, and Thomas Purnell Husband of the other part. An Assignment dated the 25th day of October, 1899, granted by the said Thomas Purnell Husband, in favour of the Venture Corporation, Limited. Contract dated the 24th day of November, 1899, between the Venture Corporation, Limited, of the one part, and George Butcher, as Trustee for the Briseis Tin Mines, Limited, of the other part.

There are also Contracts relating to the formation of the Company, the subscription and guarantee of its capital, and to the business acquired, and the carrying on thereof, also Agreements with employees, underwriters, and others. Applicants for Shares will be deemed to have had notice of all such Contracts, and to have agreed with the Company, as Trustee for the Directors and Promoters, to waive the insertion in the Prospectus of dates and the names of the parties thereto, whether under Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise.

Application will be made to the Stock Exchange in due course for a settlement and quotation.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, the titles to the property, the original Reports of Messrs. H. W. Ferd. Kayser and R. S. Moore, together with the above-mentioned Contracts, can be inspected by intending Shareholders at the Offices of the Solicitors to the Company.

Dated Nov. 27, 1899.

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November 29, 1899.

Signature.....



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Two sad events marred the otherwise exceptional brightness and gaiety which seem to have surrounded the whole visit of the German Emperor and Empress: firstly, the death of Lady Salisbury, in whom Queen Victoria loses a much-valued personal friend, and, secondly, the death of the Princess of Leiningen, who was the wife of the Queen's nephew, and sister to the Grand Duke of Baden and the Dowager-Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The Princess of Leiningen stood to the Queen in almost as tender and near a relation as if she had been her own daughter. As a young married woman she was a great deal in this country, and her eldest child, a daughter, Princess Albertina Victoria, was actually born at Osborne in the year 1863—that is, when the Queen was still in the deepest mourning for the Prince Consort. The late Princess's only son, the Hereditary Prince von Leiningen, married, five years ago, Princess Feodore of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, who is also in a double sense closely connected with the British and the Prussian Royal Families.

There has been something very touching and very genuine in the spontaneous outburst of sympathy which has gone out towards the bereaved Premier and his family. Although the late Lady Salisbury was one of those women—now, alas, becoming rarer and rarer day by day—who have a shrinking from anything which savours of wide personal publicity, it had become gradually known how great a place she held not only in her husband's affections, but also in his political life and career. Even as a girl, Miss Georgiana Alderson gave promise of extraordinary intellectual power. She inherited her father Baron Alderson's powerful mind and patriotic and religious enthusiasms, and after her marriage to Lord Robert Cecil—then, it will be remembered, only a younger son—she soon showed that she possessed a remarkable personality. Lady Salisbury's great gifts were, however, all devoted to her immediate circle and to those objects which her husband had so much at heart. Although she could never be induced actually to speak in public, she was the life and soul of the Primrose League long before that political organisation was valued as it has now come to be by the leaders of the party of which Lord Salisbury is the honoured head.

But only those who have had the privilege of seeing Lady Salisbury at home—either in the Châlet Cecil, the charming villa near Dieppe where the Premier and his family spent so many happy holidays, or, more latterly, at La Bastide, the quaint château on the Riviera, which was, in a great measure, designed by its late mistress, and which was built under her close supervision—can form an idea of the depth and beauty of Lady Salisbury's character. To her children, and, as time went on, to her son-in-law and her daughters-in-law, she was not only the tenderest, but the wisest of advisers; and she was ever peculiarly

kind to the charming group of women composed of Lady Cranborne, Lady William Cecil, Lady Robert Cecil, and Lady Edward Cecil. The wit and youthful brightness of the latter, *née* Maxse, caused her to be specially favoured by her mother-in-law, and Lady Salisbury felt the parting deeply when Lady Edward made up her mind to proceed to the Cape, in order to be near her husband, who has now been for some time one of the brave little band who are defending Mafeking.

Very happy were the large family gatherings which took place each winter at Beaulieu. Lady Salisbury used laughingly to observe that in

La Bastide there were no guest-chambers; but there was always room for all her children and grandchildren, while among those who were ever welcomed by her was Mr. Arthur Balfour, who in Lady Salisbury may truly be said to have lost a second mother. Since Lord Salisbury was stricken by influenza, in addition to a crushing grief, Mr. Balfour has acted for his lordship at the Foreign Office.

Lady Salisbury possessed to a singular degree the power of attracting to herself the respect and affection of great and noble minds. Among those to whom her death must come with a sense of keen personal loss is our beloved Sovereign, who was never weary of showing the wife of her Prime Minister marks of signal favour. One great quality which, wrongly or rightly, is not considered specially feminine, that of loyalty to friendship, was specially characteristic of Lady Salisbury. Of this striking example, and which has become more or less common property, was seen in her steadfast affection for the late Lady Burton and the latter's remarkable though eccentric husband, Sir Richard Burton. In each branch of public life are those who owed much to her faithful championship.

Brilliantly successful from every point of view has been the memorable visit of

the German Emperor, his gracious consort, and his two younger sons. Not only each member of the Imperial Family, but also each member of their numerous suite, seem to have *sich famos unterhalten*, which may be roughly translated as having "a thoroughly good time." His Imperial Majesty was certainly happily inspired when he made up his mind to honour the Duke of Marlborough and his charming American Duchess by paying an informal visit to Blenheim, the more so that this fact will cause much innocent gratification in the United States. Those who had an opportunity of judging were interested to see how the idiosyncrasies of Her Majesty's grandson, of the Empress, and of the two young Princes displayed themselves. The Emperor's quaint little inspection of a corporal and two privates of the 1st Life Guards was a very characteristic proceeding, and gave the Commander-in-Chief of that formidable war-engine, the German Army, the opportunity of realising the valuable qualities of khaki. Already it is said that His Imperial



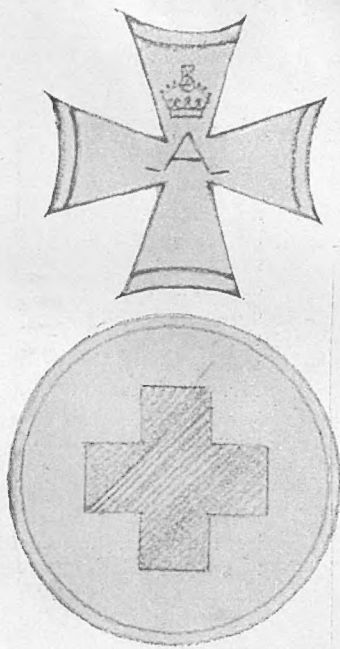
THE LATE LADY SALISBURY.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



Majesty intends that, in future, all those of his troops intended for purely Colonial service shall be attired in some such material.

The Empress, who was a constant attendant at the beautiful little private Chapel, which is one of the most interesting, and in some ways characteristic, portions of the private apartments, spent a good deal of



THE "PRINCESS OF WALES"  
(HOSPITAL-SHIP) BADGE.

Designed by Her Royal Highness to be worn by the Nurses on the Ship.

her spare time in the library, where Mr. Holmes, the librarian, to whom was confided, it will be remembered, the writing of an authorised personal life of the Sovereign, showed the Imperial visitor those valuable religious manuscripts and mediæval books which were of a nature to specially interest her. As to the two young Princes, who, from the point of view of the good burgess of Windsor, supplied the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, they may be said to have been the most fortunate of all Her Majesty's German guests, for they shared in everything that was interesting, and escaped the tedium of the State ceremonies which, however much curtailed, were necessary accessories of their parents' stay at the Castle. Perhaps what the two Princes most enjoyed was their thorough inspection of Eton College. The beautiful and picturesque group of buildings always look their best in the autumn sunlight. With boy-like energy, they insisted on seeing everything, and their uncle, the Marquis of Lorne, together with their cousin, Prince Patrick of Connaught, who is an Eton boy, lent himself with the greatest good-nature to their whim.

It says something for their good-taste that the two little Imperial Highnesses seem to have been specially delighted with the noble playing-fields on which, as the Duke of Wellington once informed the world, the Battle of Waterloo was really fought.

There is probably no great country-seat in England which would be more full of interest and associations for the German Emperor than Blenheim Palace. His Imperial Majesty is, not unnaturally, exceptionally familiar with the history of "handsome John Churchill," and there still remain at Blenheim some very interesting and, indeed, unique relics of the first Duke's military career. This is the first time that the young Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have entertained a crowned head, but, comparatively soon after their marriage, they received one of the most brilliant Royal house-parties of modern days, of which, it will be remembered, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and several of their children, formed the most component part, while among the guests invited to meet them were many of the Duchess's fair countrywomen. It is an open secret that the German Emperor has always been exceedingly fond of Americans, and he has been at some pains to show special courtesy to those American ladies who have chosen to become German by marriage.

The Kaiser's yacht *Hohenzollern*, though of nearly 1500 tons less displacement than the Czar's yacht, is, nevertheless, reputed the finest Royal yacht afloat. She is also the fastest, having done twenty-two knots. Her fineness consists chiefly in her luxurious fittings. Despite all that is believed in this country to the contrary, Germans can beat any nation at magnificence when they want to. As a matter of fact, they generally "want to" where their ships are concerned. A German warship is invariably better "got up" inside than a British one. The Emperor's yacht, of course, goes one better than the warships. In contradistinction to our Royal yachts, the *Hohenzollern* carries some guns, but probably only for ornament and saluting purposes. The three 4-inch quick-firers that she mounts would be of little or no utility in war. They serve, however, to give her a Naval character, and this identification with the War Navy is probably what the Kaiser wants. He likes when afloat to be a Naval officer, not merely an Imperial passenger.

The hospital-ship the *Princess of Wales* has been planned and fitted up entirely by Major W. G. Macpherson, R.A.M.C. The Princess of Wales has borne the entire cost

of fitting the ship, and has devoted to this purpose £9000 balance of Her Royal Highness's fund raised at the time of the Soudan campaign. Her Royal Highness has taken the greatest personal interest in every detail of the fittings, herself designing the badge to be worn by the nurses, and has added another £1000 to be spent in luxuries and comforts for the wounded soldiers.

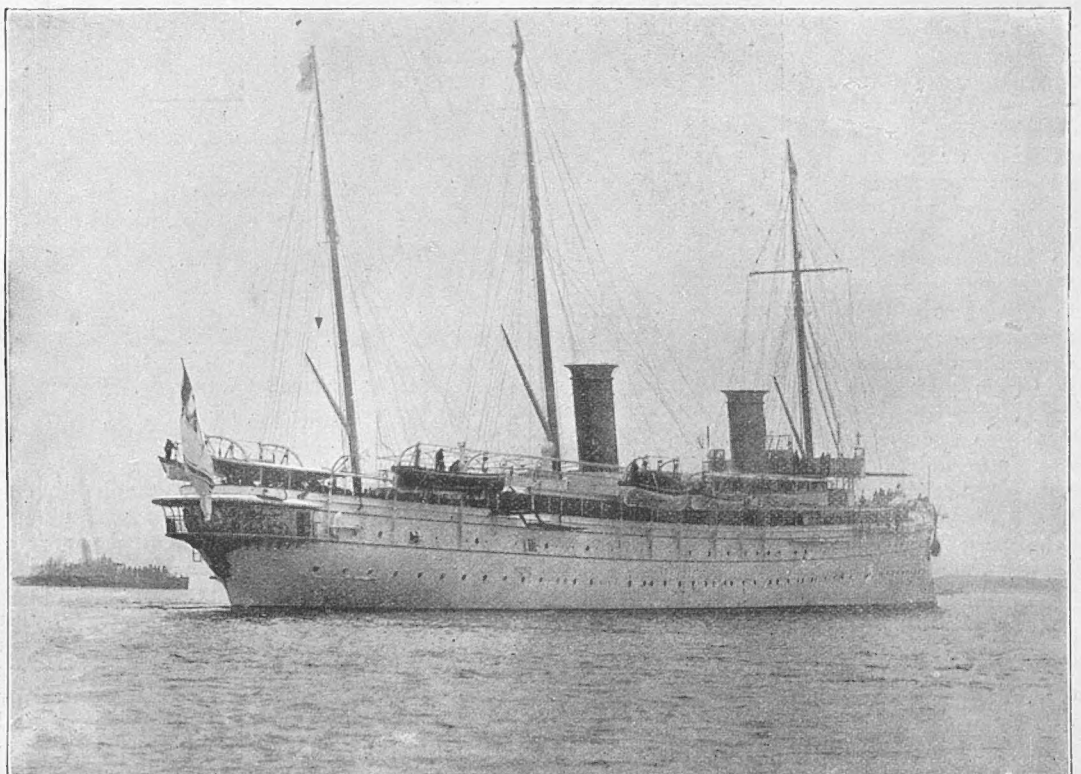
Of all the War Funds being contributed to so nobly in England, none seems to me worthier of being subscribed to promptly than the "Ladysmith Christmas Fund," appropriately started by Lady White to provide woollen jerseys and other comforts for the gallant soldiers and sailors who have fought so bravely under her distinguished husband. Money so sent will be of instant service. Hasten, then, my friends, to post your cheques or postal-notes to "Lady White's Fund," care of Lloyds Bank, Limited, 222, Strand, W.C. Remember, he or she gives twice who gives quickly.

A large number of the Cabinet Ministers are either widowers or bachelors. Chief among the latter is Mr. Balfour, who might be benefited by an ambitious wife, but who is the despair of match-makers. Lord James of Hereford has also remained a single man. The most-married of the Ministers is Mr. Chamberlain, his present wife being his third. Both the Lord Chancellor and the Chancellor of the Exchequer have been twice married. Mr. Chaplin's experience of matrimony was limited to five years. His wife, a sister of the present Duke of Sutherland, died in 1881.

Mr. Tom Curran, who has obtained damages against a former Nationalist colleague on account of a newspaper attack, is married to Miss Marie Brooke, the actress. His father, who, in the words of "Dod," founded a business in Australia, also sits in the House of Commons for an Irish constituency, and, although he cannot give the Party any assistance by speech, he has contributed largely to its funds. The young Curran is also a silent member. He is reserving his eloquence for the Bar, to which he has been called. Perhaps he exhausted his political vocabulary at the Sydney University, where he won the gold medal for debating. Mr. Curran entered the House of Commons at an early age. He is now only twenty-nine, and he has sat through two Parliaments. He seems to enjoy the social life of the place, and his bright, friendly manner renders him a favourite. Dreadful insinuations were made by his journalistic assailant because Mr. Curran was a "bosom-friend of the *Times* man in the Lobby." With such insinuations possible, members may become afraid to speak to a Lobbyist, lest they be suspected of selling secrets for "a glass of whisky."

The Royal Choral Society had a big success with "Elijah." Mr. Santley was the prophet with great profit to the Society, his notes bringing in much gold. The "Monday Pops" are only to be given for a few nights in the spring. But the "Saturday Pops" are very popular. At the recent concert a Beethoven programme attracted a crowd.

Madame Patti sings only once in London this winter. I thought her rendering of "Casta Diva," from *Norma*, Gounod's "Ave Maria," and other songs, on Nov. 22 simply wonderful, remembering that the prima donna has been forty years before the public. Her first appearance was in "Lucia di Lammermoor," at New York, Nov. 24, 1859.



THE IMPERIAL YACHT "HOHENZOLLERN," WHICH BROUGHT THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS TO PORTSMOUTH, AND CONVEYED THEM FROM PORT VICTORIA.

Photo. by Gregory, Strand.



When the Reserves were called out, the local Council of a certain town, not one hundred miles from the sea on our East Coast, sat in solemn conclave, and decided to give a banquet to its Reservists. The members decided that they would unite in being present. The day was fixed; the dinner was ordered; inquiries were made, and it was found there was only one Reserve man in the town. To have abandoned the dinner would have covered the Council with ridicule, while they thought that war-time would keep the dinner to the single Reserve man from appearing ridiculous. So the dinner came off, and was a very great success, though certain ill-disposed people made rude remarks. On the following morning, as though to put the final seal of municipal approval upon procedure, the Town Council assembled in its might at the railway station to see the gallant Reservist off to the wars. He had chosen a rather crowded train, the platform was well filled, and, as several Councillors wished to improve the occasion, they held the gallant Soldier of the Queen in the spell of their oratory until the train, ignorant or careless of its high destiny, whistled "good-bye" and steamed from the station. Not until it was nearly out of the station was the departure discovered, and then the frantic rush for the station-master may be imagined better than it can be described. Happily, the Man of War was enabled to reach London in time, and will doubtless proceed to reflect credit upon the town that gave him birth and the Council that gave him dinner. I am told that some members of the Town Council do not encourage conversation upon the subject, and threaten to consider further reference to it in the light of an unfriendly act.

I spent some days in Holland early in the present month, and was there when, according to the local papers, Ladysmith surrendered, Kimberley followed suit, Sir George White was taken prisoner, and General Joubert occupied Pietermaritzburg. It is a notable fact that these lying rumours obtain absolutely no credence among the upper and



MARKET SQUARE, JOHANNESBURG: "ZARPS" DRAWN UP BEFORE GOING TO THE FRONT.

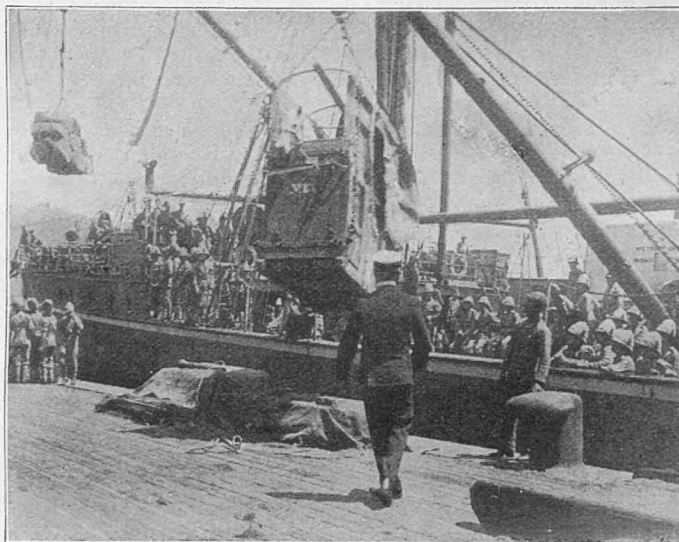
Photo by H. S. Woods.

middle classes. They are designed and published for the man in the street, who reads and discusses, but cannot believe them, since they are never confirmed. In most of the fancy-shops you see photographs of Presidents Kruger and Steyn; in some I saw, side by side with them, full-page drawings from *The Illustrated London News*, which circulates extensively in Holland. Literature dealing with the lives and fortunes of the best-known Boers is to be found everywhere, and there are pictures of their leading commanders. I saw a splendid portrait of General Joubert, in Amsterdam, side by side with *The Illustrated London News'* coloured portrait of Sir George White. The Dutch are profoundly grieved by the war, and there is a very widespread hope that terms will be offered and accepted before the fighting is carried into the Transvaal and Free State territories. The Dutch, despite bravery that has won the admiration of all civilisation, are a peace-loving people, and they realise the full horror of what is going on. In every quarter I heard statements that from the very beginning the Boers sought to avoid war, and only started fighting when they thought they were compelled to. But what price the Ultimatum?

Some surprise has perhaps been felt, rather than expressed, that the Queen should have chosen chocolate to take the form of "the little personal present" which Her Majesty is so graciously forwarding to each of the soldiers and marines serving in South Africa. As an actual fact, the wonderfully sustaining properties of chocolate were first brought to the Royal notice by the late Sir William Jenner, in whose judgment and good sense the Queen reposed immense confidence. The value of chocolate as a fighting-food was well tested by the French in the Crimea; immense consignments were sent out to them from Paris, by order of the Commissariat Department, for, as all the world knows, chocolate has always been an essentially French delicacy, and not till then were its remarkable qualities discovered. Many French children, when starting for school, are simply given a large piece of bread and a tablet of good chocolate to see them through the day. Perhaps one might commend this notion to those who are agitating for free meals to school-children. The Sovereign has taken the very greatest interest in her gift, and

specimens both of the chocolate and of the ornamental tin box in which each piece is enclosed have been submitted to Her Majesty and to Princess Henry of Battenberg.

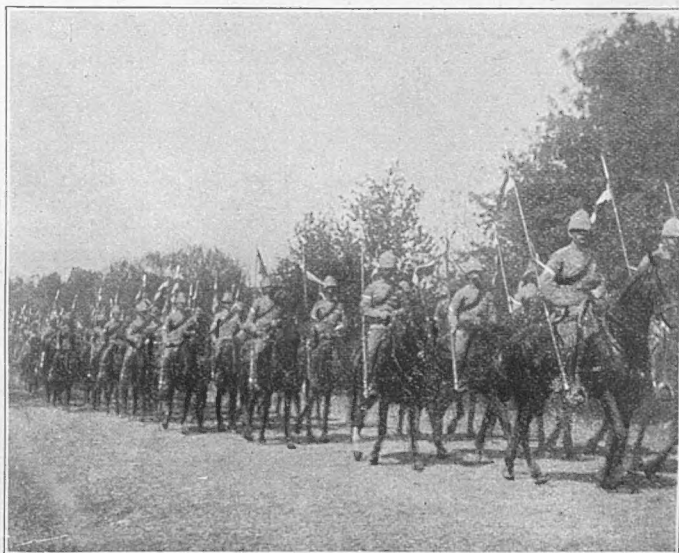
Trooper Martin, of the Natal Police, whose portrait appeared in a recent number of *The Sketch*, has since rendered a valuable service to



LANDING HORSES AT CAPE TOWN.

the State. He conducted Lieutenant Hooper, who was carrying important despatches for Sir George White, through the Boer lines from Estcourt. They travelled most of the way under cover of darkness, and succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the enemy's scouts. When they were within five miles of Ladysmith, they were met by a native, who guided Lieutenant Hooper into the British lines, Martin remaining behind. The native brought back a message from Sir George White for General Murray, and gave it into the hands of Martin, who delivered it safely in Estcourt. Trooper Martin is a son of Captain Martin, of the Royal Artillery, Woolwich. He went out from England and joined the police three years ago, when he was only nineteen. General Murray has recommended him for promotion.

The extraordinary mixing-up of the names of regiments, not alone by newspaper correspondents, but even in so-called official War Office intelligence, still goes merrily on. Thus an official despatch recently gave the "16th Hussars" as being at "the front," whereas the 16th are the "Scarlet Lancers," now out in India. Then certain newspapers speak of the "Loyal Lancashire Fusiliers" as forming part of the new Fifth Division, thus confusing the Lancashire Fusiliers, the famous old 20th Regiment, now going out, with the Loyal North Lancshires (or 47th) up at Kimberley. One almost trembles to think of what will happen with the telegrams from Natal now that the 1st Durham Light Infantry (the old 68th Foot) have joined the Field Force there, for it is practically certain that the gallant Durhams will be confounded with the Colonial corps, known as the "Durban Light Infantry," which has been doing such splendid service with the Dublins at Estcourt and elsewhere, and which lost so heavily in the recent armoured-train mishap when Mr. Winston Churchill was captured. It is a consolation to think that, when the war is over, both honours and casualties will be fairly apportioned. Tommy may be an "absent-minded beggar," but he is usually better-informed in these matters than the scribes who write about him, and he indignantly resents the apparent slight to his regiment when it is misnamed or confused with another of somewhat similar title.



SQUADRON OF THE 5TH LANCERS MARCHING OUT OF MARITZBURG, NATAL, ON THEIR WAY TO "THE FRONT."



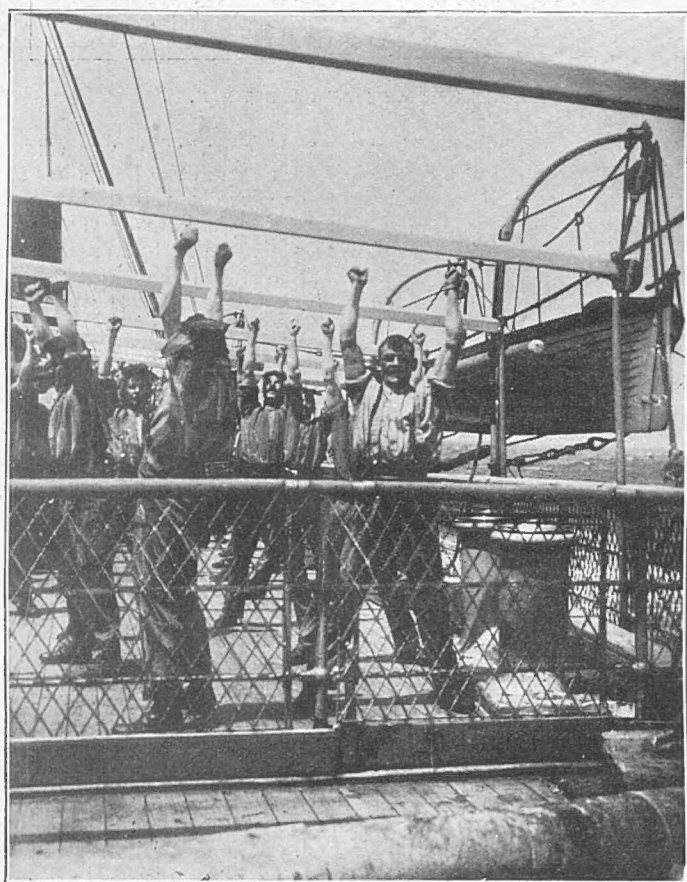
Now come, M. de Pressensé. You speak English and write English like an Englishman, but how did you ever let such a Gilbertian muddle-up get into the *Temps*? It requires reading over, walking round, and examining with a telescope before you can get within yards of what really happened. Here is the paragraph—

M. Labouchère, répondant à une résolution proposée par le secrétaire d'une section de l'Union des *Boots and Shoes*, réclamant l'arbitrage dans l'affaire du Transvaal, a déclaré que cette guerre, &c.

What is the Union of "Boots and Shoes"? Dr. Jameson, I believe, declared that he would kick the Boers round the Transvaal. A boot being a necessity in such an operation, was it a pro-Boer or anti-Boer demonstration at which Mr. Labouchère spoke?

That bright and intelligent French journal, against whose slightest utterance every man of brains leans and thinks, *La Patrie*, has gone one better this time. For the modest sum of five francs every good patriot can purchase at its offices a splendid Boer flag, to be hung out or waved by every one of its readers each time that there is a British reverse in the Transvaal. Possibly, the fact that Paris has been invaded by a thorough London fog during the past few days accounts for the lack of gaiety that such a display would have given to the city. I have no doubt that they were being waved, but, as *La Villette* is out of my beat, I did not see any.

Climate is responsible for many things. When she was in London, I used to read the stories of interviews with "La Goulue" at the Avenue



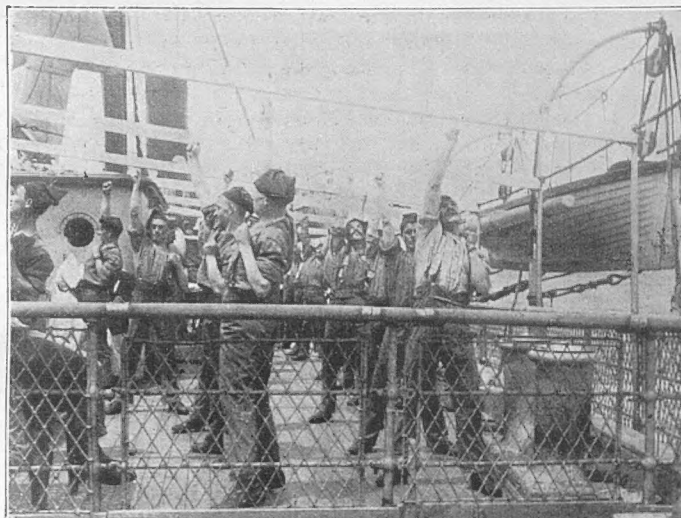
HOW TOMMY TRAINS FOR THE BOERS ON BOARD SHIP: PHYSICAL DRILL BY NUMBERS.

Theatre with a smile. She was invariably portrayed as a simple country-girl, as demure as any heroine of Dr. Watts if he had ever gone in for novel-writing. La Goulue, having dropped the Moulin Rouge, took to wrestling in country fairs, and, always in search of novelty, took to lion-taming with Pézon. Having learned how to tame his lions, she tamed the tamer, and Pézon finally had to hide behind his most ferocious beast when he knew that La Goulue was in the neighbourhood and was interested in his welfare.

She was rather badly bitten the other night, and I went up to the Boulevard Rochechouart, where the fair was being held, and expected to find an interesting invalid. I put my foot in it and approved myself a coward owing to the very first remark I made. I asked if she was afraid of the lions, and for an answer she gave, "Come along with me and I'll take you into their cage." She eyed me somewhat with an air of contempt when I shamblingly excused myself on the ground that I never made playmates with anyone whose language I did not clearly understand. "Afraid of lions?" she said, as she slapped her thigh (for she was in the ordinary attire of the male tamer). "Never! They bit me last Sunday, and they have got to suffer for it. Interview me? No, I've got nothing to say. I want to make money, and I can make more at this than at dancing, that's the whole story." Then, with a gay laugh and a slap on the back, she said, "*Mon vieux Coco*, tell all the people in London how I enjoyed myself there, and thank them." The next day I read that Pézon had decided to break up his world-famous

menagerie and retire. I can understand the reason. La Goulue had been accredited with the intention of knocking him to pieces when she met him, and, if the friendly tap she gave me goes for anything, I should feel quite as much at home in a prize-ring.

Oliver Cromwell was a great Englishman, but he was great because, like Julius Caesar and Napoleon I., he stood alone in his generation. No

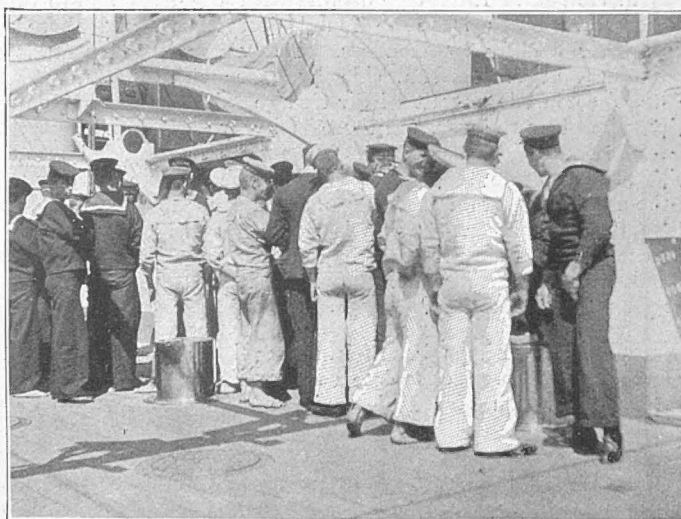


HOW TOMMY GETS READY FOR THE BOERS ON BOARD SHIP: PHYSICAL DRILL; JUDGING THE TIME.

genuine Liberal statesman, not even Lord Rosebery, could call Cromwell a Man of the People. It has been a constant fad of historians to depict the Protector as a leader risen from the slums. As a matter of fact, he was of good family, and, if he derived wealth from malt and hops, he was no less esteemed than would Lord Burton or Lord Iveagh be under similar circumstances. But where Lord Rosebery made a great error was in declaring that Cromwell had no hereditary ambition. Had his son Richard, whom he declared his heir, possessed only a title of his father's will, the return of Charles II. to London would have been as problematical as that of the Duc d'Orléans to Paris. There is something to admire in Cromwell, because he was so English; but there is more to detest in the fact that the sword, which Mr. Hamo Thornycroft has placed in the hand of the Westminster effigy, was dipped in the blood of other Englishmen. And again, *pace* Lord Rosebery, what Englishman worthy of the name would buy a King from the Scotch in order to sacrifice him on the scaffold?

His Excellency Sir Chihchen Lo Feng Lugh, C.C.V.O., the Chinese Minister in London, while he was in Sheffield last week paid a visit to the Royal Works (Norfolk Street) of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, and inspected in detail the various processes involved in the manufacture of that firm's celebrated "Prince's plate" and sterling-silver goods. His Excellency expressed himself highly pleased, and displayed much interest in the explanations offered.

Here is a snapshot of the bluejackets on board H.M.S. *Doris* being measured for their khaki uniforms supplied by the military authorities.



H.M.S. "DORIS": BLUEJACKETS BEING MEASURED FOR KHAKI UNIFORMS. Photo by H. Howes.

When fully equipped, they present the somewhat comical appearance of half-soldier and half-sailor, for they retain their own straw hats covered with khaki.



What a history might be written upon "Books Refused by Publishers"! Those necessary but much-abused members of the book trade have made mistakes from the time when "Robinson Crusoe" went the round of publishers, only to be returned with thanks, to that of Madame Grand's "The Heavenly Twins," which, after several journeys, at last found a publisher and success. It has often been stated that Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" was refused by several publishers before it was accepted by Bradbury and Evans, but that point has now been satisfactorily settled by the publication of Mr. Lewis Melville's Life of Thackeray. The statement is made in this work, upon the authority of Mr. Vizetelly, that one afternoon Thackeray called at his office with a small brown-paper parcel containing two drawings for the first number of "Vanity Fair", with them was the manuscript for the early part of this book. Thackeray said he was going to Bradbury and Evans to offer them the work. Mr. Vizetelly continued, "In little more than half-an-hour, Thackeray again made his appearance, and, with a beaming face, gleefully informed me that they had settled the business, Thackeray explained that he had named fifty guineas per part, including the illustrations, 'but he thought he could have got much more.'" Such were the arrangements which obtained for us one of our greatest works in fiction.

The appointment of Sir Charles Warren to the Fifth Division has been greeted with the keenest satisfaction throughout the country. It is not too much to say that a feeling of astonishment as well as regret was aroused in many quarters when it was found that he was not included in the earlier commands. Irrespective of his knowledge of South African warfare, Sir Charles is a splendid organiser, and when in Bechuanaland, in command of the expedition which turned back the Boers, he insisted on his officers so far assimilating their dress with the rank-and-file as to render them unrecognisable at a distance. It is safe to say that, had he been in command of a brigade at the front, his officers would not have been so easily picked off as has been the case recently. Sir Charles served in South Africa in 1877-8, taking part in many engagements, and getting several "mentions," as well as a brevet promotion. In Egypt, four years later, he gained the medal and the Khedive's star, together with the 3rd Class of the Medjidie and his "K.C.M.G.," and subsequently his masterly conduct of the Bechuanaland Expedition had the result of checking the Boers with no actual fighting or bloodshed, for which he received the "G.C.M.G." As Chief



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., COMMANDING THE FIFTH DIVISION FOR SERVICE IN THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police for two years (1886-8), he well sustained his high reputation, though his military strictness and habit of standing no nonsense gained him a certain amount of unpopularity in quarters where perhaps popularity was scarcely desirable.

Since the two sisters Edna and Jane have been "Maying" in London, it would seem as though they were always in "luck's way." For the elder, in "The Belle of New York," is connected with one of the longest "runs" of modern theatrical times, while Jane, the younger, is one of the "English girls" in "Florodora," a musical play which bids fair to



"TWO ROSES" THE MISSES JANE AND EDNA MAY.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

vie with its near neighbour at the Shaftesbury. In "Florodora," Miss Ada Reeves humorously assures us that the close *rapprochement* now existing between England and America is entirely due to the success of "The Belle of New York." Perhaps, presently, she may be able to add that the Philippine Islands have been brought within the bonds of peace with America through the charms of "Florodora." That play, by the way, is now an assured success, the house being every night sold out, while hundreds are turned away.

The author of "The Canary," the brilliant comedy produced the other night by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, is one of the few people who, having made a resolution, can resist the temptation to add her share to the composition of a certain pavement. For instance, having said, "I will not be 'interviewed,'" no amount of persuasion can avail to make her relent. But, since everybody in these chattering times is at the mercy of at least *one* friend whose object in life seems to be to "give her away," it stands to reason that *M.A.P.* is in possession of some very salient facts in her regard. Here are a few: She is an extremely bright companion, full of enlightened opinions on any and every subject, which she can express with equal fluency in four languages, a trifling lisp adding piquancy to her telling phrases. Modern, broad-minded, tolerant, and appreciative, but free from any affectations in the way of New Womanhood or other ineffectual fads. A firm believer in the advisability of upright conduct, although not a stickler for the meaner conventionalities of life.

Her chief interests are her work—dramatic work just now taking her attention to the exclusion of mere novel-writing—all outdoor pursuits, such as driving, boating, cycling, and fishing. She counts Venice home, though her own flat in Kensington is an excellent substitute; but it is in Venice that her mother, a charming Frenchwoman, and her step-father, a clever painter, live, and guard all her most treasured possessions in her frequent absences. The garden which surrounds their house—an unusual feature in Venice—is the chief delight of Constance Fletcher, and her endeavours to make it "quite English" are unremitting. Energetic treatment of all she undertakes is one of her most striking characteristics. One gathers that in a glance at her determined nose and strong teeth, in spite of her light-gray eyes and pale-golden hair; there is also a warrant of force of character about the determination of her footstep and the firm grip of her handshake. Her head is set on to a well-developed neck at an angle which at once conveys strength of intention and a satisfactory issue from passing difficulties.



A soldier sold a horse for a cigarette after an engagement the other day. Yet there was once a king who offered his kingdom for a horse and got no bidders. Prices, in fact, are curious things. In the Wild West I have seen a foal sold for a pound of butter, and lambs in Australia vended at the comparatively moderate rate of three shillings



VOLUNTEERS DRILLING AT EAST LONDON, CAPE COLONY.

a dozen. A boy, however, in Highbury, a couple of months ago, bought a bicycle for threepence, though no machines under about tenpence are reliable. Horses bought in Chili for a pound or two are expected to go thirty or forty miles a-day, and carry a bedstead or chest of drawers. I have met many cases of cheap living—one Colonial I knew spent £4 10s. a-year, inclusive of entertaining friends and keeping a horse. The Chinese soldier gets four shillings a-month to enjoy himself on. All these were beaten the other day by the old woman who was found by a Board of Guardians to be living on 4s. 4d. a-year. Worked out on this scale, old-age pensions would be little inconvenience to the nation.

"INSIDE INFORMATION."—The secret of this is a (slight) knowledge of foreign languages and a constant supply of "glimpses" into the obvious" of Court life. Thus: "Arranging for the fifty or sixty tons of the Kaiser's 'gepäck' and the despatch of telegrams every five minutes have kept Windsor on the *qui vive*, while uniforms have been as much *en evidence* as at a military tailor's. Always a *bon camarade*, the Emperor has enjoyed his *veuve cliquot* and his cigar with the Prince, and has had interesting *tête-à-têtes* with his 'Grossmama,' but (though assisted by a supplementary vote of the Reichstag) his various *douceurs* and Christmas-presents will compel him to *économiser* in his *ménage* until the end of the financial year. The *cuisine* and music at Windsor have been *sans reproche*." The difficulty of obtaining exclusive information like this and the intimate knowledge of Society life required will be obvious.

The consecration of a Masonic Lodge by the Very Worshipful Bro. Letchworth, F.S.A., is one of the most impressive and solemn of ceremonies. I am revealing no secret of "the craft" King Solomon instituted when I say that the Grand Secretary of the benevolent Brotherhood of which the Prince of Wales is Most Worshipful Grand Master has cultivated this consecrating service into a Fine Art. To the perfection of mellifluous elocution are added actions and expressions instinct with devotional earnestness, imbuing the exquisite rendering of the ritual with true religious fervour. These exemplary characteristics were particularly noticeable in the graceful consecration by V. W. Bro. Letchworth (assisted mainly by V. W. Bro. the Rev. Canon Brownrigg), under the roof of Freemasons' Hall, of the Richard Eve Lodge and the Royal Warrant Holders' Lodge (No. 2789), the latter of which made a brilliant start on Thursday last with W. Bro. Daniel Mayer as the first Master, and W. Bro. H. Tatton Sykes, P.M., as an indefatigable and most genial Honorary Secretary, which officer is really the most serviceable and most hard-working in any Lodge.

I hear Miss Cholmondeley took three years to write her remarkably popular novel of "Red Pottage," the notice of which in the Literary Supplement of *The Sketch* is accompanied by a portrait of the favourite novelist of the season.

The Grand Old Man of the religious world—at all events, of the Jewish religious world—is the Rev. Professor Marks, who, a few days ago, entered his eighty-ninth year. But for the fact that his eyes are failing him to a certain extent, and he is unable to do much, if any, reading, his faculties are as alert as they were and his wonderful voice is as clear and as strong as it was half-a-century ago. Although he has not absolutely retired from the ministry of the Reform Congregation in Upper Berkeley Street, which he founded, he but rarely now officiates. Only a few days ago, however, he assisted at a marriage ceremony, for probably the thousandth time at least, and one Saturday, not very long

ago, he preached in the Synagogue, and, in consequence of the weakness of his sight, without notes and quite extempore, as has been his habit for several years.

Professor Marks, who only about a year ago resigned the Professorship of Hebrew at the University College, Gower Street, which he held for very many years, has had the probably unique experience of our generation—certainly for a member of his faith—of having been excommunicated. This gentle office was performed by the late Dr. Adler, then Chief Rabbi of the English and German Jews, at the time of the formation of the Reformed Congregation, which was also included under the Rabbinical ban. Happily, such animosity has been outlived, and Professor Marks and the Chief Rabbi of to-day are on terms of fraternal relationship, though the one is as orthodox as he was, and the other as Reformed as he has always been.

Many stories have been related of the late Sir Richard Moon, who was for so long a director of the London and North-Western Railway, but one of the best has still to be told. He was at one of the principal stations on the line once, when a stranger approached him and commenced a conversation. The newcomer was a commercial traveller, and he began, "Are you going by this train, may I ask?" "I am." "Have you any luggage?" "No." "Well, sir," said the drummer very earnestly, "you can do me a favour, and it won't cost you anything. You see, I have two big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one passed on your ticket, and, by Jove, we'll do them! Will you oblige?" One can imagine Sir Richard's face as he listened to this—the Sir Richard who was notorious for looking after the company's pence! However, he said, "But I haven't any ticket." "I thought you were going by this train!" exclaimed the commercial in surprise. "So I am," Sir Richard said. "I am one of the directors, and I don't need a ticket." "Oh!" was all the commercial could say, as he walked away; and he paid extra, as usual.

Dr. Temple, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who attains the age of seventy-eight to-morrow, is a notable personality about whom many good stories are related. Some years ago, a young curate, seeking to be licensed, was bidden by Dr. Temple to read a few verses of the Bible, in order that his fitness for conducting public worship might be judged. "Not loud enough," was the criticism of the Bishop when the young man had finished. "Oh! I am sorry to hear that, my lord," replied the curate; "a lady in church yesterday told me I could be heard very plainly all over." "Ah! are you engaged?" suddenly asked Dr. Temple. "Yes, my lord." The Bishop smiled grimly, and said, "Now listen to me, young man. Whilst you are engaged, don't believe everything the lady tells you; but," he added with a deep chuckle, "after you are married, believe every word she says!"

Here is a photograph of the immense steam-plough used for the first time by the Engineers at Aldershot the other day, with such success that several are to be shipped at once to the Transvaal. The cutter, by means of a thread movement, is inclined downward at an angle into the soil and, drawn by the traction-engine (seen in the background) at a



NEW STEAM-PLOUGH TO BE USED IN SOUTH AFRICA FOR THROWING UP INTRENCHMENTS.

Photo by Charles Knight, Aldershot.

great rate, throws up a four-foot intrenchment for the protection of infantry, so that, besides enabling troops to dispense with carrying their spade-equipment, the plough will, in about a tenth of the time, provide breastworks without any labour. What will Kruger say?





MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS THE HEROINE IN "SAN TOY," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

(A REPROOF TO "A. B. W.")

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



Two or three days ago I was privileged to see a letter sent out from Kimberley since the siege began. The writer, a lady who has braved the Boers in order to stay with her husband, sent the missive to a friend living near Cape Town, to be forwarded to Old England and her anxious family. She bemoaned the fact that she must not mention the "situation," in case the letter fell into the hands of the enemy, and went on to say that this was probably the only private letter leaving the town. I have reason to believe that it went by the *Daily Telegraph's* despatch-rider to Orange River. Life in Kimberley, the writer added, was going on much as usual, but, of course, they were anxious to know what was happening outside. "Mr. Rhodes," wrote the lady, "is in great form." It seems curious to us that tea-parties and dances should be possible to the accompaniment of constant cannonading, but the mining excavations and earthworks form such a splendid rampart that nobody in the Diamond City feels alarmed. Only, as the writer of this letter says, it is annoying not to get one's letters and papers. Doubtless the siege will have been raised in time for the Christmas mail.

The Duke of Orleans' plot to overthrow the Republic fell so far short of its aim that the French public is disposed to be lenient with its prisoners, and it looks as though the trial now going on would end in a laugh. The fifteen prisoners who file every day before the High Court number eight Royalists, among whom are two Counts, a Marquis, a Baron, a Deputy; four Déroutists, among whom are Dérouté himself and a butcher; and three Anti-Semites, led by Jules Guérin, of "Fort Chabrol" fame. Such being the curious mingling of elements, added to the memory of their adventures and to the comic incidents in the Court, it would be difficult to take the matter seriously. A librettist in search of a subject would find here all the materials for an opera-bouffe. The most conspicuous of the men on trial is Paul Dérouté. This man,

fifty-three years old, a poet, a member of the Chamber, who has made in the last ten years more noise in France than anybody else, looks like a frontiersman dressed uncomfortably in his Sunday clothes. The likeness ends there. Three of the prisoners are M. André Buffet, M. Eugène Godefroy, and M. de Ramel. These are the Duke of Orleans' special lieutenants in France, and the intelligent head of his campaign. M. Buffet is the Duke's political representative, and the party takes its word of order from him. His father was a former President of the National Assembly, a Royalist rallied to the Republic, who was concerned in the overthrow of Thiers and the setting up of MacMahon.

Of the titled prisoners, the Count de Chevilly and the Marquis de Beaumont are leaders of the movement in the provinces, and are reproached with very little. The Baron Raoul de Vaux is secretary of the "White Carnation," a Royalist Society of fashionable young men. This unfortunate young man has been stricken with paralysis, and is carried into Court every day on a stretcher. He furnishes a note of pathos, and to some extent counterbalances the amusement created by another of the more exalted prisoners.

It has often happened that a touch of comedy has enlivened the tragedy of war. Certainly some such touch is now supplied by the creation of the Dogs' Brigade, of which, the dog world will learn with interest, Lord Wolseley's four-footed friend has already accepted the position of Field-Marshal. I hear that five hundred members of the Ladies' Kennel Association have enlisted their pets in the Brigade. This will have its due complement of cavalry and artillery, each divided into companies. "The Ladies' Own" will be composed of diminutive darlings, "The British Watchdogs," on the other hand, being huge and awe-inspiring mastiffs, while "The Friendly Foreigners" will contain a fair number of mongrels.



"TAKE ME TOO, DADDY!"

THIS IS AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF AN OFFICER OFF TO THE WAR SAYING GOOD-BYE TO HIS LITTLE GIRL.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

My D. D. Mother  
we'll hope you are quite  
well & not worrying your  
self about me as I have had  
two battles & lost them both  
but we are beating the Boers  
I'm sorry to say that our C. C.  
& Generals was the first to  
get knocked over but our  
mother don't feel anxious about  
me for I'm safe & have got  
through all without a scratch  
I managed to get bits of  
two papers in fact I've  
been carrying them in

my haversack I hope you'll  
see them alright I've not  
heard of Jack but I think  
he is safe. We are  
expecting to be attacked

Mark II  
25 | 11 | 27  
96 | 11 | 96  
CORDITE  
"God bless the  
S.A. BALL  
CARTRIDGES."

Every minute no matter  
where I am Mother, in the midst  
of Cannon, shot & the excitement  
still I hope you'll be all  
home, I'm always thinking of you  
& love you most love & I hope I  
accept my D. Mother the same from  
Glenelg.





LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, CHAIRWOMAN OF THE AMERICAN HOSPITAL-SHIP FUND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.



## ARTISTS AT HOME: TOM BROWNE.

Mr. Tom Browne, R.B.A., whose *Comic Annual*, full of good Christmas pictures and stories, is just about to be published, has "arrived" at an age when most professional men (and women, for the matter of that) are buoyed up by visions of what may be in the future, that silent oracle whose very irresponsiveness leads so many of us on, even when things are at their worst, to comfort ourselves with the Micawberian hope that "something"—it is not very clear what that something is to be—may "turn up."

He has done more in ten years than is permitted to the majority of us to do in a lifetime, and that, let it be said at once, by genuine hard work, practically unassisted by "influence" or "log-rolling." "Some," we are told, "are born great, some achieve greatness, and some—have friends on the newspapers."

Well, it is certain that the artistic temperament we hear so much about must have been present, though latent, in the sturdy youngster who first put in an appearance in the City of Nottingham A.D. 1871, but the mere possession of it was far from rendering the much-desired greatness an accomplished fact. The process of its achievement was by no means rosy, and the subject of this chat, though now occupying a position to be envied, and rejoicing in one of



TOM BROWNE AT WORK ON HIS NEW PICTURE.

The secret of Tom Browne's power as a humorist is that he is a keen student of human nature, which he has "read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested" in many countries. An ardent cyclist, he has ferreted out his models in all manner of out-of-the-way places; and to mention a notable result of this, the outcome of a record ride made some years ago from Paris to Gibraltar was the publication of a book of cycling sketches with which, for pure and unadulterated humour, only one other work is, in my opinion, to be compared, and that work is Mr. Phil May's monumental "Parson and the Painter."

We look in vain, in this artist's productions, for any sign of vulgar caricature, unwarranted distortion of the figure or features, or strained humour.

Possessing a mastery over his pen, exceptional powers of observation, and a fine appreciation of life's little ironies, he does not attempt to *force* fun by depicting impossible situations, but places before us, for the most part, that which actually exists; we accept it as being perfectly natural, and there reposes the whole secret of its charm. If a laugh is to be raised by ill-humoured skits, by the portrayal of physical deformity, or by the

suggestion of that of which we prefer our women-folk at home to know nothing, that laugh will not be numbered among the rewards of Tom Browne's labours—and it will not be missed.

To name the periodicals to which he has contributed would mean



TOM BROWNE IN HIS STUDIO.



"WOLLATON," THE RESIDENCE OF MR. TOM BROWNE.

the most tasteful homes in the South of London, has many a story to tell of times when coin of the realm was among the scarcest of commodities, when he, with other kindred—and impecunious—spirits, was summarily ejected from a studio located over a stable in one of the humblest neighbourhoods of his native city because the rent, modest enough, was not forthcoming.

My first meeting with Tom Browne was in the studio of a well-known painter, at a moment when a partly finished picture came under discussion. That it lacked something was evident, and the question was, "What?" Not knowing who this "Tommie" might be, it surprised me that one so apparently juvenile should be asked to give his advice; but when, by a few rapid strokes in charcoal, he rapidly sketched in a figure and the picture was declared to be "right," my interest was immediately aroused, and it then transpired that I had previously been chatting with one to whose rare gifts I owed many a hearty laugh.

the publication of a very lengthy list, and would not serve any special purpose; I may, however, express personal satisfaction at the frequent appearance of late of his signature in the pages of *Punch*, and hope that it will become a permanent feature there.

But Tom Browne does not always wear the cap and bells, nor is his genius restricted to black-and-white. Let those who would judge of him as colourist study his paintings exhibited yearly at the Academy, Suffolk Street, and many another gallery; they will find in them some of the daintiest and most thoughtful studies of human nature in many moods that they are likely to come across. It is of this more serious work that I have elected to give an example herewith—"The Gentle Craft," a time-sketch executed in a couple of hours at one of the weekly meetings of the London Sketch Club, of which the painter is a leading light. It is to be hoped that his work will continue to enliven the pages of *The Sketch*.



THE GENTLE CRAFT.  
From a Painting by Tom Browne.



## LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

Lady Randolph Churchill is one of the most sympathetic and gifted, as well as perhaps the most beautiful, of the group of lovely American women who elected, while still in earliest youth, to become English by marriage. *Née* Jerome, handsome "Jennie's" engagement to the brilliant

To Lady Randolph Churchill's untiring energy and rare powers of organisation is due in a great measure the astonishingly rapid success of the *Maine* Hospital-Ship Fund. She had already made all her arrangements for actually sailing in the *Maine* to South Africa, when there arrived the serious news of Mr. Winston Churchill's capture by the Boers, after, it will be remembered, his consummate bravery in the affair of the armoured-train near Estcourt. Small wonder that during the



MRS. RONALDS, HON. TREASURER OF THE AMERICAN LADIES' HOSPITAL-SHIP FUND FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

*From a Photograph.*

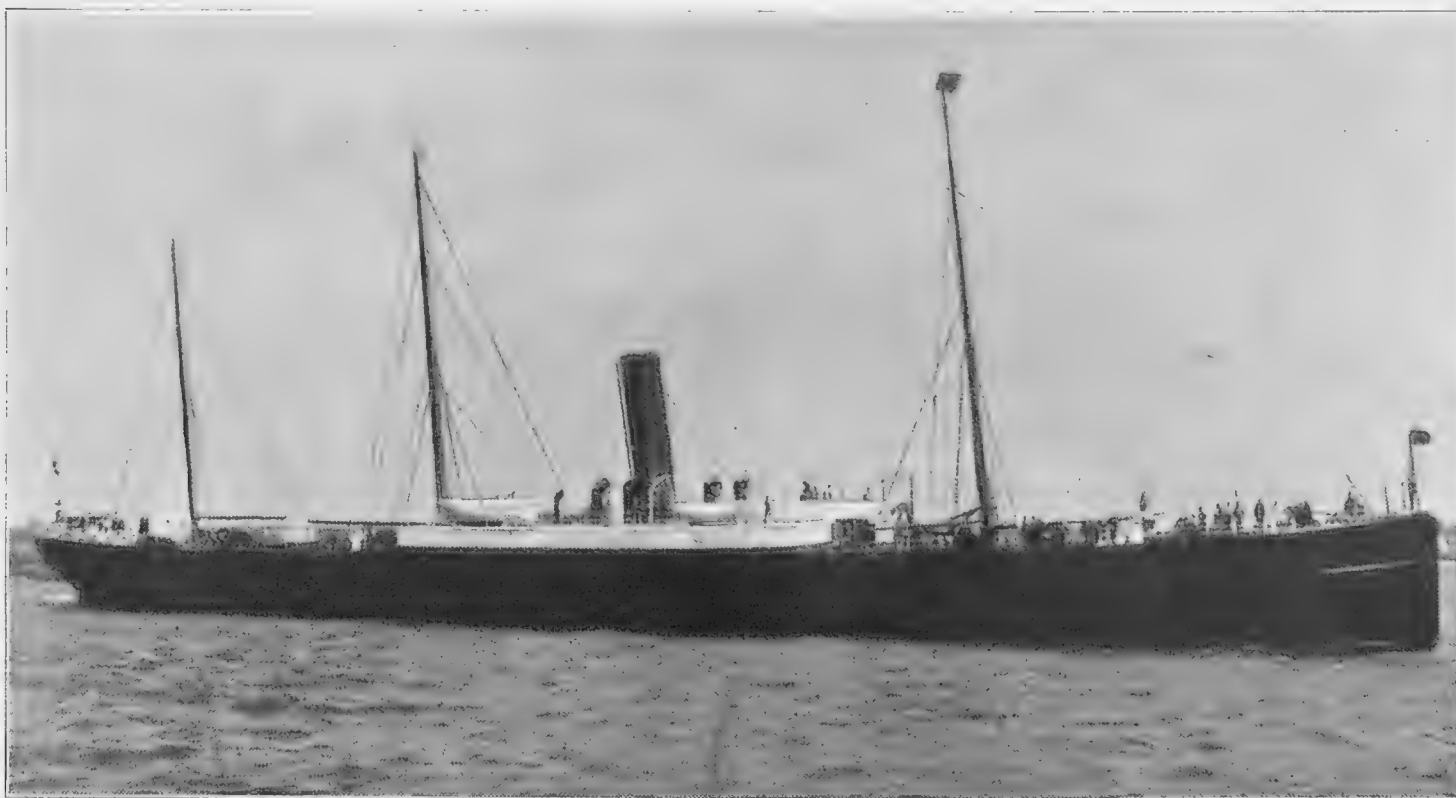


MRS. A. A. BLOW, HON. SECRETARY AND ORIGINATOR OF THE AMERICAN LADIES' HOSPITAL-SHIP FUND FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

*Photo by Speaight, Regent Street, W.*

politician who is still so affectionately remembered by members of all parties in the State was quite a romance. She quickly identified herself with Lord Randolph Churchill's enthusiasms and aims, and proved on more than one occasion an invaluable electioneering agent, for even the most stolid of British voters found it hard to resist the persuasions of so

hours that followed the publication of the news the doors of the house inhabited by the lady who has been called "the most popular woman in Society" were besieged by a crowd of inquirers and sympathisers. Lady Randolph's affection for her sons is almost pathetic in its intensity, and it is said that, if Mr. Churchill is still a prisoner by the time she reaches



THE "MAINE," THE AMERICAN LADIES' HOSPITAL-SHIP FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

fair a canvasser. Even now it would seem almost impossible that Lady Randolph is in very truth the mother of the two tall sons of whom she is so proud; but the fact that they are often asked to introduce their "beautiful sister" is a significant corollary of that truth.

Cape Town, she will make a determined effort to reach Pretoria, where her eldest son is said to be not only a prisoner, but also wounded. One may feel sure that the love of the gifted lady's sons for their beautiful mother is not less than her affection for them.



## "THE PRIDE OF THE BRITISH ARMY."

It is the glorious boast of the Royal Artillery—from the General Officer Commanding to the last-joined boy-trumpeter—that it is "the right of the line and pride of the British Army." As such, the wearers of the gorgeously braided "jacket" are conspicuously in evidence on all ceremonial parades, when it is their privilege to take precedence of all other troops and to lead the march past. The functions of the gallant "gunners," however, are not merely ornamental, and the value of the work that devolves upon them when in action is very great. Indeed, ever since the far-off days when gunpowder was first used in warfare, the prowess of the "Royal Regiment" has been largely instrumental in securing for us the victory on so many a hard-fought field. Without exaggeration, one may boldly affirm that never has a motto been more happily bestowed than has that proud one, "Quo fas et gloria ducunt," which is borne by the R.A., for there can be but few places—from Crecy to Kimberley—where England has met the enemy in which our Artillery has not been splendidly represented. Hence the regiment's other motto, "Ubique," is also singularly appropriate.

It may not be generally known that the Royal Artillery as a whole has recently been divided into four separate branches—that is, those of the Horse, Field, and Mountain batteries, and Garrison companies. Officers and men are appointed to one of these direct, instead of being transferred from one to another, as was formerly the case. The effect has undoubtedly been to materially improve the standard of efficiency attained by each division.

A most informative volume on the performances of artillery in action has lately been written by

MAJOR E. S. MAY, R.H.A.

This enters into the subject very fully, and discusses, from the point of view of an acknowledged expert, the precise value of each of the different branches of the Arm under varying circumstances. From an examination of the Major's pages, it appears that the best results on active service have, on the whole, been derived from the employment of mounted batteries. This, of course, is owing to their extreme mobility. Nevertheless, it was not until 1793 that their value was officially recognised by our conservatively minded military authorities. About this time, however, the Madras Artillery took the initiative, and employed horses for drawing a portion of their lighter guns. Previous to this, they had not got beyond the rather primitive method of having them moved in and out of position by men with drag-ropes. The innovation took some time to spread to England, and, consequently, when Waterloo was fought, there were only fourteen mounted batteries.

When the history of the Transvaal Campaign that is at present in progress comes to be written, it will be found that a considerable proportion of the victories that may have fallen to our arms will have been achieved by the different batteries of artillery accompanying the various Divisions of the Army Corps. Among the officers and men employed with these, those who belong to the Howitzer batteries have already rendered conspicuously

## VALUABLE SERVICES AT LADYSMITH

and elsewhere. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the War Office has ordered that thirty additional pieces of ordnance of this description are to be included in the siege-train that has just been mobilised to proceed to South Africa. This train consists of eight batteries in all, with a *personnel* of 32 officers and 1104 N.C.O.'s and men, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel T. Perrot, R.G.A. The armament is made up of fourteen 6-inch howitzers, eight 5-inch and the same number of 4-inch ones, together with the necessary mountings, &c. A large quantity of ammunition will also accompany this force, as 500 rounds of lyddite shell are provided for each gun. Altogether, the eight batteries are taking 15,000 rounds between them.

The weight of the 6-inch howitzer is a ton and a-half. It has a range of 10,000 yards, and throws a 118-lb. shell. When a few of these fall into Pretoria, General Joubert will probably find occasion to still further increase his historic objection to lyddite. As he, however, does not scruple to use melinite (an almost precisely-similar explosive) with a portion of his own artillery, it is not likely that Sir Redvers Buller will feel inclined to give way on the subject. In the case of the 5-inch howitzer, a 50-lb. cordite shell is used. A gun of this pattern, weighs two tons, and is 11½ feet in length. Its range is 9000 yards, and the speed given to the projectile as it leaves the muzzle as a round is fired is calculated to be that of 1750 feet per second. Together with the 4-inch pattern weapon, it will be chiefly used for attacking fortified positions.

Many of the guns in use at Ladysmith by Sir George White's troops have been furnished by the Naval Brigade, under Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, R.N. It was while serving with this officer, it will be remembered, that the late Commander Egerton, R.N., met with the wound that subsequently occasioned his death. The weapons that the bluejackets have so opportunely brought to General White's assistance were chiefly those of the 4.7-inch quick-firing pattern. This is one of the most serviceable pieces of ordnance imaginable, as by mounting it on the special carriage that has been invented by Captain Percy Scott, R.N., it can be converted from a gun of position into an ordinary field-gun. Then, it is so extremely adaptable that either lyddite, common shell, or shrapnel—with either "base" or "time" fuses—can be used with it. It is sighted to 8000 yards, weighs rather over two tons without mountings, and throws twelve 45-lb. shells per minute. Altogether, the gun is "one of the best."

## "HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ARMY."\*

The glorious story of the British Army cannot be told in a hand-book. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the twelve hundred odd pages of these two handsome volumes on the subject only go down to the year 1763, and that before his task, as a whole, can be completed Mr. Fortescue proposes to fill two further volumes. When these shall have made their appearance, we shall possess the first history—really worthy of the name—of England's military forces, from the far-off days of Alfred the Great down to the comparatively recent ones of 1870, that has as yet been published. Mr. Fortescue's reason for not continuing beyond this point is that the era which now occurred in our military system was one that introduced "the great reforms which virtually closed the life of our old Army and opened that of a new."

While admiring his modesty in thus leaving the treatment of the present organisation to some future historian, one wishes, nevertheless, that Mr. Fortescue would himself undertake this. The two volumes that he has already written give one such an agreeable taste of his quality that one would be glad of as many more on the same subject as possible. Civilian though he be, Mr. Fortescue has acquitted himself of his task in a manner that no professional military writer could hope to surpass, and that only a very few could equal. Vast as is his subject, he never for a moment makes us uncomfortably aware of this by overloading his pages with detail, for, possessed of a well-developed sense of historical perspective, he cleverly contrives to apportion to each episode that he describes the precise amount of space that its importance demands. Thus, the six centuries of military history that intervene between the battles of Hastings and Naseby are not permitted to occupy more than two hundred pages. This allowance, however, is quite sufficient for showing the successive stages of progress through which the Army advanced during this period. The Irish campaigns of Cromwell and William of Orange are probably the only events of any moment that are not dwelt upon in these informative chapters. Mr. Fortescue, however, candidly acknowledges the omission, explaining that the incidents in question were among those that he found it impossible to treat of, owing to the enormous quantity of material with which he was confronted.

As has been remarked, the work is but half written. So far as he has gone, however, Mr. Fortescue makes it abundantly clear that, when finally completed, his summary will be of real worth to the student of military history who is genuinely desirous of knowing something of the manner in which the British Army has been evolved. At present, nothing on the subject—beyond Colonel Clifford Walton's now rather out-of-date "History of the British Standing Army from 1660-1700"—exists that is likely to be of service to him. As Mr. Fortescue's volumes already go considerably beyond this, they are even now to be regarded as standard ones. Altogether, their writer is to be sincerely congratulated upon them.

## FELINE IMMUNITY†

It was in this way, you see. Mr. Leighton, the prince of pearl-merchants, wanted a young lady, smart, good-looking, with a nice manner, sweet voice, versed in the ways of Society, possessed of plenty of pluck, and well able to hold her own, to sell his pearls for him. Mrs. Delamere, with most becoming modesty, "meditated for a moment" before accepting the job. But, when the prince hinted that the risks of personal danger would be enormous, he played a high trump-card. Mrs. Delamere accepted the trust without more ado.

Nor had her employer overstated the case. The lady pearl-broker had barely time to introduce a safe into her bedroom at the hotel, screw it down to the floor, and fill it with diamonds, before the thieves were after her, "like the flies after jam." And, in keeping them off, Mrs. Delamere was not so successful as "Mary the Housemaid." Indeed, so much was the contrary the case, that two gentlemen of old-fashioned notions stormed her room one midnight—it must have been midnight—placed a handkerchief soaked with chloroform over her face, and proceeded to search for the pearls. Now, it came to pass that, just at this juncture, the lady in the room above arose from her couch—or, in other words, got out of bed—to open her window. (The time of year is not stated.) Anxious, no doubt, to see if the "Peeler" was doing his duty, the estimable dame looked down, and there, on the sill below, she espied a MAN! For the conclusion of this thrilling narrative the reader must see the book under notice.

On another occasion, Mrs. Delamere—Oh, yes, she survived the last adventure!—found it necessary to journey as far as Bristol. A horrid fellow discovered her plans, and even the train, but he reckoned without the lady broker's cat-like luck. There happened to be another lady in the train who resembled Mrs. Delamere exactly, and the robber, much confused, got into a compartment with the wrong one. All went well until the Box Tunnel was reached, and then the plot got as thick as a pea-soup fog.

Enough has been said to show the really exciting nature of these stories, of which the volume contains nine. For reading late at night, either in bed or in the solitude of the study after everyone has retired, they can be heartily recommended.

\* "History of the British Army." By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. London: Macmillan and Co., Limited.

† "The Adventures of a Lady Pearl-Broker." By Beatrice Heron-Maxwell. London: The New Century Press, Limited.



GUN-DRILL, WHALE ISLAND: HOW JACK GOT IN FORM FOR LADYSMITH.  
FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY STUART.



TYPE OF HOWITZER USED BY THE BLUEJACKETS AT LADYSMITH.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.



## "GREAT MASTERS IN PAINTING" SERIES.\*

## (1) "LUINI." BY G. C. WILLIAMSON, LIT.D.

To write the biography of a man of whom all that is accurately known is that he painted pictures which have given him fame is not an easy task. Dr. Williamson, the Editor of this series of monographs, has therefore shown excellent feeling in allotting the difficult task to himself. Of the date of Luini's birth and death we are alike ignorant, and where he learnt his art and how he found patrons are matters shrouded in mystery. Travellers who, when flitting about the Italian lakes in spring and autumn, make a halt at Lugano, can study one of his most important works—a huge picture of the Passion, containing several hundred figures—but it is at Milan that Luini is to be seen in his fullest strength and beauty, whether in fresco or oils. It was at Milan that he worked for many years, and where he met with the few episodes of his life which have been handed down. For the death of the priest of San Giorgio, the artist cannot be held responsible, although the public thought otherwise (the priest had fallen off the scaffolding while examining a newly finished fresco). Luini escaped to Monza, where he fell in love with the daughter of the house he was decorating. This led to one of those pleasant incidents in mediæval love-making. The lady, Laura Pelucca, had two other admirers. One of these, Federigo Rabbia, was on friendly terms with Luini, and they agreed to settle the question of their respective pretensions by a contest of some kind. At all events, it led to no serious consequences, but Rabbia was the conqueror. The other suitor, named Gavanti, did not accommodate himself to a similar arrangement, and one night set upon Rabbia and Luini as they were going to visit the lady. Rabbia was killed; but then Laura refused to marry the assassin, and the parents thereupon shut her up in a convent at Lugano. Here she was discovered by Luini some years later, and he finally married her. With such slender materials, Dr. Williamson has made not only an interesting but an instructive book.

## (2) "ANDREA DEL SARTO." BY H. GUINNESS.

Of Andrea, the tailor's son, who in the space of his short life earned the title of "the faultless painter," much has been written in prose and verse. Mr. Guinness has made excellent use of the copious materials at his disposal, and gives an able survey of the artist's work. The tragedy of Andrea's life centred in his attachment to Lucrezia Recanati, the wife of a cap-maker, whom he married after the death of her first husband. She probably was his model—or, at least, his ideal—for the same lovely face appears time after time in the pictures which he painted. But Lucrezia had no sympathy with the work to which Andrea devoted himself. To her it was the means by which money could be obtained to satisfy her wishes and her whims.

Had you given me soul,  
We might have risen to Raphael, you and I;

but Lucrezia had none to give, and Andrea worked in solitude, eating his heart out in disappointment. Florence was the chief centre of his life and work, and, although his visit to France was marked by several works which have remained in that country, it is in Tuscany that Andrea's work is seen to the utmost advantage. Those who wish to understand his faultlessness should study the fast-fading frescoes in the Scalzo Convent, whilst those who desire to know him as colourist and painter will find in the Pitti Collection some of his finest pictures. His death was as tragic as his life had been. In 1530, Florence was visited, as it had frequently been, by an outbreak of the Plague while the Spaniards were besieging the city. Andrea, deserted by his wife, who, at his suggestion, had fled to escape contagion, died, as he had lived, in solitude, and was hastily buried by the Servite Brotherhood, on whose convents and chapels he had bestowed some of his best work.

## (3) "VELASQUEZ." BY R. A. M. STEVENSON.

The greatest of all portrait-painters between Raphael and Reynolds was, unlike the majority of his brothers of the brush, well-born even in the estimate of blue-blooded hidalgos. He lived among men of good family, and when his fellow-citizen of Seville, Olivarez, became the King's favourite, Velasquez was summoned to Court, and started as Court Painter at the age of twenty-four. The visit of Rubens to Madrid was probably the turning-point in Velasquez' career. He was stimulated to rival, and, if possible, to excel, the painter who had brought with him habits of diligence and knowledge altogether opposed to the idleness and incompetency of his Spanish colleagues. A journey to Italy followed, and further stimulated Velasquez' talents, and on his return he set himself to the composition of those works on which as much as on his portraits his fame now rests. It is only at Madrid that Velasquez' "The Topers," "The Meninas," and "The Spinners" represent three important phases of his art, although they do not cover its wide range. His breadth of treatment, his mastery of composition, and his perception of the value of light and shadow are the distinguishing features of his painting. His influence upon modern art is carefully appreciated by Mr. Stevenson, who, without dogmatism, insists upon the debt which portrait-painters like M. Carolus Duran and Mr. J. J. Sargent owe to the great Spanish painter who has comparatively recently taken his place among the Great Masters. This is not the place to discuss the reason for his temporary neglect and his recent restoration to public favour. His life, which was one of unclouded success, has been summarised in this little volume, which, at the same time, guides to the numerous pictures which Velasquez left as proofs of his unique powers.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

At a recent meeting of the Whitefriars' Club, Mr. Frederick Greenwood delivered a most interesting address on the advantages and disadvantages of the New Journalism. These meetings are understood to be private, but I know that Mr. Greenwood will not object to my stating a few of his points. He said he regarded himself as peculiarly fortunate in the time when he began his career as a journalist. The *Times*, in the years before, had practically absorbed the whole strength of the London Press. In circulation and in resources it was far above the rest, and its advantages were liberally used. With the *Saturday Review*, however, a new era began. The taxes on newspapers were removed, and men began to form a higher idea of what journalism might be. All the papers began to grow alike in ability, in circulation, and in influence. Mr. Greenwood regarded this as the golden time in English journalism. Good articles had then an influence which they cannot have now. Papers were read far more closely and carried much more weight. With the present multiplication of newspapers, Mr. Greenwood thought much of their power had passed away. He laid very great stress on the absolute duty of newspapers to be fair in reporting. The editorial columns should, of course, take a side, and in them subjects might be discussed freely; but it was thoroughly wrong to allow bias to get into the news department. Mr. Greenwood said that he recently saw an important speech summarised to the extent of nearly a column. This speech was by a politician of the party which the newspaper favoured. Immediately after came a summary of a speech by a politician of the other side, a man of far higher ability than the favoured orator. This speech was summarised in nine lines, and no indication was given of any of its really important arguments. This, Mr. Greenwood considered unjust and demoralising. As might be expected, Mr. Greenwood received a most cordial reception. No journalist stands higher—perhaps, none stands so high—in the estimation of his brethren.

The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson, so well and discreetly edited by Mr. Sidney Colvin, have received a most cordial welcome. The chorus of praise, however, is disturbed by the *Athenæum* in a most curiously perverse review. The *Athenæum* says: "Somewhat to one's surprise, it turns out that Stevenson was by no means a great or even brilliant letter-writer. . . . There are, indeed, pages in these letters worthy of his more formal essays, but they are infrequent, and the majority of the letters are of a business or family character, touched at times with some of his literary graces, but, as a rule, almost as casual and careless in form as the ordinary correspondence of any young well-bred Briton." With equal perversity, it affirms that "These letters clearly enough indicate that the style which charmed us was not natural, but acquired, and acquired at the cost of the most strenuous pains." I am convinced that Mr. Edmund Gosse's judgment, that these letters put Stevenson among the very first letter-writers in the English language, is far nearer the truth, although, perhaps, Mr. Gosse's enthusiasm for his friend has led him too far when he puts Stevenson above FitzGerald. I am convinced also that the letters prove that Mr. Stevenson made far too much of the influence which labour and study had upon his style. No critic has laid stress on one of the most important things in these letters. Stevenson affirms that his masters in style were the old Scottish Covenanted writers. This is undoubtedly true. What he learned, he learned from them in his youth, and, for the rest, many of the passages in these letters are quite as good as his most elaborate prose, though they contain several slips and errors which the slightest revision would have removed. The *Spectator* says, very justly, that "there are few books so interesting, so moving, and so valuable as this collection of letters." That they give a complete picture of Stevenson, no one who really knows about his life will admit for a moment. They render one side truly and almost perfectly. Stevenson's character was far more mixed and complex than appears here, but the image placed before us in these pages is so lovable, so gracious, and so winsome that it ought never to be disturbed. There will be room for Mr. Graham Balfour's biography, and we may be sure it will be done with discretion. Mr. Graham Balfour will give us, as few of Stevenson's friends could, the Scottish side of his life. For the rest, it may be hoped that the immense masses of manuscript still remaining will be destroyed. No reader who wishes to understand Stevenson can wisely neglect the little book published last year—"Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days," by Eve Blantyre Simpson.

One of the most amusing of American humorists, the verse-writer known as "Ben" King, died before fulfilling the promise of his work. He wrote, among many other things, a wholesome and amusing parody on a sickly poem, "If I Should Die To-night," which is amazingly popular in America. Two verses may be quoted—

If I should die to-night,  
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,  
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—  
If I should die to-night,  
And you should come in deepest grief and woe,  
And say, "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"  
I might arise in my large white cravat  
And say, "What's that?"  
If I should die to-night,  
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,  
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel—  
I say, if I should die to-night,  
And you should come to me, and, there and then,  
Just even hint of paying me that ten,  
I might rise the while;  
But I'd drop dead again.

## DEPARTURE OF THE MANITOBA CONTINGENT FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

The Manitoba contingent left for Quebec on Tuesday, Oct. 24, and never since the 90th Battalion went to the front in 1885 has there been such a demonstration of loyalty as when the brave boys who have volunteered to fight in Africa for the Empire marched to the C. P. R. station and entrained for Quebec. Many of the stores and places of business were closed down, and the route of march was lined from beginning to end with citizens, while from the drill-hall to the C. P. R. station the troops marched through a lane of cheering people, who at times waxed so enthusiastic that the brass bands could hardly be heard. That Winnipeg is proud of her contingent was shown in several ways, and well she may be. The Manitoba men are all of splendid physique, and as smart in their drill as regulars.

It was not curiosity nor affectation which drew forth such an immense gathering, but the true loyalty and esteem of those young men who eagerly sought and accepted the opportunity of bearing Her Majesty's arms and wearing her uniform in a strife which, though still in the same realm, is nevertheless upon the opposite side of the globe. A rumour was circulated that a fire was in progress a few blocks from the spot, but no one displayed the faintest interest in the report "while history was making." The City Hall steps were occupied by a crowd of brightly dressed, pretty-faced school-girls, while their brothers of the senior classes stood shoulder to shoulder, like a miniature army, under the command of their



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OTTER, IN COMMAND OF THE CANADIAN BATTALION WHICH SAILED FOR SOUTH AFRICA ON OCT. 30.

*Photo by Kennedy, Toronto.*

drill-instructor, Captain Billman, awaiting the military command to take their place upon the flank of their senior Volunteers. Such short notice of the day and hour of departure had been given that but scant opportunity was afforded for the display of bunting or other ornamentation, but from every flag-staff within the range of vision floated the emblem of the Empire, and a myriad of little flags had been secured by the populace to wave in the faces of the honoured ones.

The contingent was greeted by enthusiastic crowds at every railway station of importance across Canada, cigars, food, drinks, &c., being thrust by willing hands into the cars, and even in the middle of the night the men were welcomed by bands and bunting. Two days afterwards, the British Columbia contingent passed through Winnipeg, their arrival and departure being the cause of nearly as much excitement as the farewell to our own boys. There is little doubt of the loyalty of Canada to-day.

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, the writer of the comedy, "The Modern Craze," played by Mr. W. G. Elliot and his clever company at the new St. George's Hall entertainment, has written two very clever novels—"Deborah of 'Tod's" and "Adam Grigson"—the latter just published by Smith, Elder, and Co. So strong and unconventional was "Deborah of 'Tod's" that Mrs. de la Pasture has been called the Hardy of Devonshire.



OUR FAITHFUL COLONIES: THE DEPARTURE OF THE MANITOBA CONTINGENT OF THE CANADIAN BATTALION FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEELE, WINNIPEG





STATUE OF OLIVER CROMWELL FACING WESTMINSTER HALL.

*Lord Rosebery has had his way, after all, and presented a superb statue of the great Protector to Parliament. It faces Westminster Hall. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, the sculptor, has been peculiarly successful, not only in giving a good likeness, but in presenting the character of Cromwell. The statue was cast by Messrs. J. W. Singer and Sons, the old-established firm at Frome responsible for most of the great statues which have been lately before the public. The whole work reflects the greatest credit on all concerned, although it could have been wished that the lion at the base had been a little more majestic. The Earl of Rosebery's eloquent oration at the Queen's Hall on the life-work of Cromwell fittingly commemorated the unveiling of this impressive memorial of the great Dictator.*

## THE NEW SAVOY OPERA.

PARODIED IN ADVANCE BY H. CHANCE-NEWTON

THE ROSE OF PERSIA; OR, THE "SKETCH".  
TELLER AND THE SAVOYARDS.

## A CANTATA CONCERNING A COMING COMIC OPERA.

SCENE: *A stage in Savoyland during rehearsal. Stage-manager RICHARD BARKER is discovered by the T-piece; Conductor FRANÇOIS CELLIER in his orchestral chair; CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD is on guard R.; SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN (just recovered from "Absent-Minded-Beggar"-braving) discovered warbling aside to the CAPTAIN.*

MR. and MRS. D'OYLY CARTE (with them MR. ROLAND CARTE, MR. BECKWITH, and the keen-eyed HAWK-INS) are discovered everywhere, forming, in fact, quite a nest of Sir Boyle Rochean birds.

As the curtain rises to sweet (that is, Sullivanian) music, there trip on from R. and L. a group of the best and brightest (or Savoyard) Choristers, who, all enunciating clearly, as is their wont, proceed to cheerily chortle as follows—

OPENING CHORUS (as per "Pirates of Penzance")—

We have come to this vicinity  
With frolicsome femininity,



MR. WALTER PASSMORE, WHO PLAYS  
HASSAN.

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM, WHO PLAYS  
DANCING SUNBEAM.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.



MR. ROBERT EVETT, WHO PLAYS  
YUSSUF.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.



MISS LOUIE POUNDS, WHO PLAYS  
HEART'S DESIRE.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



MR. HENRY LYTTON, WHO PLAYS THE  
SULTAN MAHMOUD.

Photo by Miell and Ridley, Boutrnemouth.

With a quite "Don't-care-a-pin"-ity  
Form of cheeky chuck-the-chin-ity.  
We each seek Art's affinity  
With a cautious kith-and-kin-ity,  
For e'en Doctors of Divinity  
Oft affect the Savoy's vicinity!

RECITATIVE, MR. H. A. LYTTON (as per "The Sorcerer")—

The stage is charged with Sullivanian morceaux,  
And yet, meseems, there cometh from each nook  
Fresh forms of song, like that we all adore so,  
Oh, can it be—oh, is it some new book?

[He is about to proceed, when "shouts without" are heard. More Choristers now enter from R. and L., not to say N.S.W. and E. These newcomers burst forth into song as thus—

ENSEMBLE (as per "The Mikado").

CHORUS.

We hope you are prepared  
A clever book to expect,

Though it mayn't be at all points compared  
To our Gilbert's books select.

Boom! Boom!

You seldom a flaw detect,

In libretti revealed

From Harrow, its Weald,

By our William Schwenk select!

[Enter now (to appropriate music) GILBERT THE GREAT. After compliments, he falls (and quite without hurting himself) into the following opening of a

DUO (as per "Iolanthe")—

GILBERT THE GREAT.

The "Sav." is the embodiment

Of opera fare most excellent;

It ne'er has tript in taste,  
nor slipt,

And mostly I embody  
the script.

But we at times try other  
bards,

Doyle, Barrie, Pinero, and  
suchlike cards;

And, lo! our latest we  
deem quite good,

A live librettist called  
Basil Hood.

ALL. Captain Hood!

G. THE G. Ye all will  
welcome him, I wist;

He's quite a Gilbertian  
li-brettist.

ALL. We all will welcome,  
&c.

SIR ARTHUR (as per "The Mikado")—

Your music minstrel I,  
Whose tuneful glees and catches,  
And ballads sweet in batches,  
Off from my cranium fly!  
Our young friend, Captain Hood,  
Has tried his powers mental  
On something Oriental,  
I hope you'll think it good.

[SIR ARTHUR is suddenly interrupted by ex-warrior CAPTAIN HOOD, who is Ordered to the Front (of the footlights) by COMMANDANT RICHARD BARKER. The CAPTAIN straightway warbles as follows:

SOLO (as per "Patience")—

When first I'd my uniform on,  
And fought for our Gracious Queen—  
This bold ex-civilian  
Had visions (a million)



Of poetry sweet and serene.  
When Duty cried, "Basil, my boy,  
Do this or do that!"—I, with joy,  
Obeyed with delight, still  
I wanted to write, still—  
And dreamed of the good old Savoy.  
I pined for that playhouse anon,  
When first I'd my uniform on.

CHORUS. Good Captain, Oh, how do you do?  
You are welcome this stage upon,  
For we read in *Sketch*, Nov. Twenty-two,  
Of your life with your uniform on.

CAPTAIN HOOD. When I first put my uniform off,  
I wrote of a certain French Maid;  
And one, Walter Slaughter,  
For that Gallic daughter  
Weighed in with sweet musical aid.  
Anon our gay Gentleman Joe  
Did quaint Arthur Roberts employ,  
Now a different Arthur  
I'm working with (rarthur),  
Sir Arthur the Knight of Savoy.  
And I ne'er felt so happy a toff  
Since I first put my uniform off!

CHORUS. Good Captain, your lines always fetch;  
Surely none at your lyrics can scoff;  
And we read in the just-mentioned *Sketch*  
When you first put your uniform off.

[Here MR. D'OYLY CARTE and the gifted MRS. D'OYLY (with them the BOLD BARKER and the SAGE CELLIER) take the stage and proceed to describe and cast the new piece. They sing the while the following

QUARTETTE (as per Judge's Song in "Trial by Jury")—

Now we, good friends, will cast, if you please,  
This Hood-cum-Sullivan venture;  
You, Walter Passmore (whose humour doth please),  
Play the chief comic part (per Indenture);



MR. GEORGE RIDGWELL, THE NEW SAVOY BARITONE.  
*Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.*

Your rôle is Hassan, who seeks charity's fame.  
You, Miss Yaw, play an Eastern Mercia,  
Called Rose in Bloom. And the Opera's name  
(By-the-bye) is "The Rose of Persia!"  
We depend upon your art—

CHORUS. And a good art, too!

MR. AND MRS. C.

So kindly take your part—

CHORUS. And a good part, too!

Mr. Lytton (always good), you the Sultan play!  
Tuneful Evett, you, a Story-Teller;  
Miss Vincent, Miss Pounds, Miss Owen, and Miss Jay,  
Play each a Sultan-heart quiller.



CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD, AUTHOR OF THE NEW SAVOY OPERA.  
*Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*

Miss Brandram, you will present (with rich voice)  
Sly Hassan's First Wife (who's a "Caution").  
Messrs. Childerstone, Ridgwell, Crompton (all choice),  
Will have characters in propaution!

ALL. So now the piece is cast—

CHORUS. And a good cast, too!

May the public say, at last,  
"And a good piece, too!"

[*Congratulations and CURTAIN.*

#### EPILOGUE.

To come down to mere prose, it may be as well to state that the above-mentioned *Sketch* librettist really intends to point out that to-night (Wednesday), the 29th of Fogmonth, Mr. D'Oyly Carte will produce the new comic opera, written by the Savoy's new librettist, Captain Basil Hood, and composed by the Savoy's old and beloved composer, Sir Arthur Sullivan, who, with only one or two exceptions, has been the composer of the Savoy operas whoever has been the librettist. Our more or less sane poet would apparently imply that the aforesaid new comic opera is entitled "The Rose of Persia; or, The Story-Teller and the Slave." Also that the leading male character in this Oriental opera will be found of a somewhat Haroun-al-Raschid type. In other words, this worthy goes about o' nights in all sorts of disguises, always excepting, of course, that of liquor. In the new Savoy piece will be found four of the loveliest and most melodious ladies, represented respectively by Miss Ruth Vincent, Miss Emmie Owen, Miss Louie Pounds, and Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, the new Californian songstress, whose voice is of extraordinary range. Poor Hassan (represented by Mr. Walter Passmore in this play) appears to be possessed of twenty-five wives. The first of these is impersonated by Miss Rosina Brandram, while Wife No. 25 has for representative the charming Miss Isabel Jay. As far as can be judged at present, "The Rose of Persia" bids fair to bloom and flourish in its Savoy garden.

#### "MEN OF THE TIME."

A wonderfully comprehensive biography of living people of mark "Men of the Time" (including women) has grown year by year until it approaches the Post Office London Directory in size. The greatest pains have evidently been taken by the industrious Editor to make this voluminous collection of "lives" as complete as possible. "Men of the Time," indeed, may be justly regarded as a monument of editorial patience and of publishing enterprise. The fresh and greatly enlarged edition just issued by Routledge and Co. from their Broadway house, Ludgate Hill, is one of the most serviceable works of the period, and thoroughly merits its wide popularity.

THE NEW SAVOY OPERA.



MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW, WHO PLAYS ROSE-IN-BLOOM.

*Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, THE COMPOSER.

*Photo by Schaarswüchter, Berlin.*



MR. R. D'OYLY CARTE, MANAGER.

*Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



MISS RUTH VINCENT, WHO PLAYS SCENT OF LILIES.

*Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*





BICYCLE-HOCKEY.



BICYCLE-SAILING.



## WILLIAM HENRY'S "WAR SPECIAL."

BY W. S. ALDEN.

The entire staff in the composing-room of the *Barhampton Daily Gazette* were aware that Mr. William Henry Biggs was desperately in love with the sister of Wittlebury, the printer's "devil" Adorer, it is melancholy to relate, saw adored but rarely; under which circumstances, therefore, it was only natural that William Henry should devote considerable time to pondering over ways and means to bring the haughty Sophia a slave to his feet. He had already loaded that diminutive scoundrel, Wittlebury, with sixpences; he had pelted him with jack-knives, and stuffed him with jam-tarts; but he had not succeeded as yet in making a very powerful impression either upon that unregenerate youth or upon that angelic creature, his pretty sister.

"There's one thing," meditated William Henry one day, "I ain't tried. It's poetry. She's a girl of soul; an' it's poetry she wants. I'll compose some poetry. I'll compose it in my composing-stick. I'll compose it, and work it off on super-plate paper and the galley-press." And straightway he set to work composing—

O Sophia, my heart's on fire;  
O Sophia Wittlebury: I'm far from being merry;  
I'll be your Slave: Till I'm laid in the Grave;  
Thro' Summer and Winter; I'll always be your Affectionate Printer:  
WILLIAM HENRY.

Alas, what pity it is that compositions of the psychic and technical perfection of the above (particularly as regards their punctuation) did not invariably reach their destination! But a small boy, pausing on his way home at the hour of one in the morning, in order to insert the tips of his dirty fingers into the opening of a refuse-bin, might have aroused in the mind of the gifted poet, had he witnessed the performance, suspicions as to the fate of his compositions.

"E ain't goin' spoons on my sister—no, not if I kin 'elp it," murmured Wittlebury, with the despicable malice common to little brothers who do not approve of eligible suitors. It was, indeed, doubtful if Sophia and William Henry would ever meet again.

It so chanced that there was a war crisis in Bulgaria at the time. Sir Joshua Pettering, the distinguished editor and owner of the *Barhampton Gazette*, gave instructions for a special edition to be issued in case of hostilities. A compositor was to be retained after the others had gone home, and, as fate had it, William Henry was told off for this job. The war actually broke out, and every morning at 5 a.m. the press-room foreman took out a column of the fifth page of the paper in order to insert the "fudge" set by William Henry and containing the latest despatches. William Henry would set head-lines and all: "Defeat of the Servians!!! Three Hundred Killed!!! Fearful Scenes of Carnage!!!" Patiently awaiting the arrival of these important despatches, Mr. Biggs amused himself composing verses to Miss Sophia Wittlebury. It was about four o'clock one morning that an extraordinarily brilliant idea struck him. It occurred through seeing a copy of the *Gazette* lying on the floor of the composing-room with the fifth column blank. The temptation was strong; it seemed a pity that so much nice white space should be wasted. Biggs seized his composing-stick and proceeded to put into fitting language the fruit of his inspiration. When he had finished it, he adjusted it with trembling fingers into the galley, heedless that the keen eyes of Wittlebury, who had been told off for duty between the two departments of the establishment, were fixed upon him. Biggs inked the type and carefully transferred an impression of his masterpiece to the blank column of the *Gazette*. The impression he read with the deepest interest, and then, proudly marking the passage, he put it into a clean wrapper and handed it to young Wittlebury to give to his sister. Then he quickly distributed the type used in his "special," chuckling to himself as he did so.

Four or five hours later, the butler in the service of Sir Joshua Pettering, editor and proprietor of the *Gazette*, laid the "war special" found early that morning in the letter-box by the side of his master's plate. Lady Pettering, in the act of pouring out the coffee, spilt half a cupful of that delectable fluid on the table-cloth when she caught sight of her spouse's countenance.

"What the ——!" roared Sir Joshua. "Am I mad, or dreaming, or what? Read that, Sophia!"

Lady Pettering took the paper and read—

FIVE O'CLOCK EDITION!

LATEST NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF LOVE!!!

BIGGS'S MIDNIGHT DEVOTION!

Followed by Early Morning Visions of  
CONNUBIAL BLISS!

O Sophia, can I melt you? Can I thaw thy cruel Heart?  
Of you ever am I dreaming; whisper, "William . . ."

"Stop!" cried Sir Joshua; "this is maddening! Sophia, we are ruined! To-day the *Gazette* will be the laughing-stock of the kingdom. They will load us with ridicule; the paper can never survive it! That scoundrel Barker, of the *Herald*, will copy every word, every line!" He was about to seize the paper from his wife's hands, in order to tear it into fragments, when he noticed that Lady Pettering had fainted.

Sir Joshua rang for assistance. In five minutes Lady Pettering sat up.

"What, oh *what* will Lord William think?" she murmured feebly.

"Lord William?" echoed the astonished husband.

"Of course. Don't you see the reference is to him? Hasn't the Society column of the *Herald* already contained veiled insinuations that there was something between Lord William and myself? You know they have accused you of lending the poor boy money. And now—in your own paper, too! What *can* be done?"

"Find the scoundrel!" thundered Sir Joshua, putting on his hat and gloves; "find the scoundrel who did it, and horsewhip him! Good-bye, Sophia!"

But, when Sir Joshua reached the office, he found only the door-keeper on duty. It was too early to do anything yet, and so he was compelled to wait until noon, when the sub-editor put in a fleeting appearance. All the time Sir Joshua drove about in a closed cab, feeling himself a marked man, and apprehensive of ridicule at every turn.

At one o'clock he drove again to the *Gazette* office, and confronted his sub-editor, who was astonished at the aspect of his chief.

"Has anything happened, Sir Joshua?" he inquired mildly.

"Happened?" roared the editor and proprietor of the great Tory organ. "Happened? Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Jupp, you haven't seen this morning's special?"

Mr. Jupp opened his eyes in wonder.

"I admit," he said slowly, "it was rather a nasty one for us."

Sir Joshua's look was repellent in its iciness. It nearly froze his companion.

"A nasty one? Perhaps you will explain yourself, sir."

"Why, I mean that, considering we had predicted victory for the Servians, I must confess their defeat by—"

"I do not refer to the Servians, sir. D——n the Servians! Have you or have you not seen this morning's *Gazette* special?"

Sir Joshua, in his wrath, fairly

flung himself upon the adjacent files. Topmost of the collection was the special in question, and he quickly ran his eye down the fatal column. It told of Servian defeat with slaughter, it told of Bulgarian Army movements and threatened descents, but not a syllable of what was uppermost in his mind.

Sophia was not even mentioned.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Jupp, send a boy out to buy any specials he can get his hands on. Send two boys. Tell them to make haste."

The quest was absolutely fruitless of revelations. In due time the foremen were interviewed. They knew nothing—absolutely. They were confident that there had been only one special issued that morning from the office of the *Gazette*. With a sensation of intense relief, Sir Joshua returned home to his wife.

"Sophia, let me see that paper," he said.

"The paper, my dear? I destroyed it. I had no idea you wished to keep such a thing in the house. Tell me what you have discovered."

"Sophia," returned Sir Joshua deliberately, "this business is obviously intended as a practical joke, but it is not my purpose to let the matter rest here. Depend upon it, that scoundrel Barker was at the bottom of it. How he obtained a blank copy of the *Gazette* I cannot guess; but, so far, I have been unable to find another copy of that particular special. We will wait until to-morrow, my dear, and then—"

As William Henry is still a compositor on the staff of the *Barhampton Gazette*, and Sophia Wittlebury is another man's wife, it is probable that a correct solution of the mystery is yet to be effected.



FOUNTAIN IN THE PARK OF DURBAN—ALMOST LIKE ENGLAND.

Photo by Bigelow.

## THEATRE GOSSIP.

What with "The Sign of the Cross," "No Cross, No Crown," "Forgive Us Our Trespasses," "Defender of the Faith," "The Power and the Glory," "The Christian's Cross," and "The Christian," our stage may be said to have seen some very startling, not to say daring, "religious," or religiously named, dramas of late years. But what are we to say of one who has dared to dramatise that very Biblical book, "In His Steps"? As the hapless and hitherto vituperative coster said, when a pantechnicon cannoned against his humble barrow and scattered all his stock of vegetables into the crowded and muddy road, "There ain't a word for it!" Yet, lo! such a daring dramatiser has been found, and he is Mr. Francis Neilson, Mr. Charles Frohman's smart stage-manager at the Duke of York's, where this latest religious "thriller," entitled "Philip Strong; or, In His Steps," was a few days ago played (in the usual mysterious manner) for "copyright" purposes.

Long before the "Sheldon boom" took place in England, it occurred to a gentleman (who ultimately proved one of the most successful publishers of the Sheldon novels) that "Philip Strong" possessed a magnificent idea for a great drama. But the "story" of that novel appeared to him too thin to supply, in itself, all the material required in a play. However, when "In His Steps" appeared—and ran into a sale of millions of copies—it seemed to this enterprising publisher that here, at last, was all that he wanted. A company of influential business-men was formed, and Mr. Neilson was asked to construct the drama. Those who heard the play last Thursday are convinced that Mr. Neilson has done the fullest justice to Mr. Sheldon's conceptions. The play goes into rehearsal immediately, and will be produced in February.

*Per contra*, Mr. Hall Caine's theology-cum-music-hall play, "The Christian," is under notice to quit from the Duke of York's. Do not be alarmed, however; it will not be followed there by the above-mentioned "In His Steps" play. Anyhow, not yet. The very next production at the Duke of York's will be Mr. Jerome Klapka Jerome's new "woman's rights" kind of comedy, "Miss Hobbs," which Mr. Charles Frohman recently produced with such success in New York, with that delightful actress, Miss Annie Russell, in the name-part. At the Duke of York's this apparently very difficult character will be impersonated by the delightful Miss Evelyn Millard.

In addition to certain new forms of semi-Scriptural drama, we are evidently in for quite a crop of romantic and "poetic" plays. Among these are Mr. Anthony Hope's new drama, "Rupert of Hentzau," which Mr. George Alexander is to produce for the first time in London at his newly built St. James's Theatre on or about New Year's Day; Mr. Poet S. Phillips's new "literary" drama, "Paolo and Francesca," which the

said Mr. Alexander has just had "copyrighted" while on tour; and Mr. Henry Hamilton's long-talked-of adaptation of "Monte Cristo," for which Mr. Kyrle Bellew has (as *The Sketch* some time ago predicted) signed the necessary contracts. Whether Mr. Bellew's sometime theatrical partner, Mrs. Brown-Potter, will play in "Monte Cristo" was not settled definitely at the moment of writing. She would, however, make a sweetly picturesque Mercedes, the character which the late Carlotta Leclercq "created" (as actors love to say) in the first English dramatisation, namely, that produced by Fechter at the Adelphi some thirty-one years ago.

In the meantime, the beautiful Mrs. Brown-Potter (who netted some £1600 by her recent *Maine Hospital-Ship* Concert, at Claridge's Hotel) is nightly arousing enthusiasm at the Empire by her reciting of the aforesaid Mr. Henry Hamilton's new war-poem, "Ordered to the Front." This is a very effective and patriotism-awakening turn, although it is somewhat overlaid with soldiers for so short a piece. But Mr. Edwardes is ever lavish.

Last night (Tuesday), the 28th inst., Mr. Edwardes's big Gaiety success, "A Runaway Girl," registered its five-hundredth performance. But, although this lively play is still delighting good-sized Gaiety audiences, Mr. Edwardes is already preparing to actively rehearse the next new play for this popular house.

To-morrow (Thursday) afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Waller will give, at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill Gate, a special matinée of "A Woman of No Importance," by a certain author whom no play-bill now mentions.

To-night (Wednesday), Mr. Weedon Grossmith will revive at Terry's

"The Lady of Ostend," which was fully illustrated in *The Sketch* when the piece was first produced.

Mr. "Charlie" Hawtrey's accident in "A Message from Mars" shows him to be a very plucky fellow, for I do not think that anyone on our side of the footlights guessed that he was acting during half the piece though severely hurt. It will be comforting for him to know that his new production is likely to have a great success. All the critics may be able to point out sources of inspiration of Mr. Richard Ganthony's piece, yet the author has to his credit a brilliant bit of work in the drawing of his Parker character, which Mr. Hawtrey presents superbly. I suspect that the writer was quite in love with this part, seeing the way in which he allows Parker to "score off" the nameless messenger from Mr. Wells's planet. By-the-bye, Mr. Hawtrey's trick-falls were very ingenious—one, of course, was a failure in one sense, but all were quite startling. No doubt, Mr. Maskelyne must have the credit for the amazing quick-change which reduced Parker to rags—fancy "Charlie" in rags! Mr. Arthur Williams has done much excellent work, but nothing before, I think, so admirable as his grimly comico-pathetic picture of the half-drink-soddened tramp. Miss Jessie Bateman was quite delightful as Parker's pretty sweetheart, and the work of Miss Bella Pateman was very valuable.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now," might be printed under the title of "The Bugle-Call," the comedietta written by Mr. L. N. Parker and Mr. Addison Bright, and presented before Mr. Sydney Grundy's pretty play, "The Black Tulip." For "The Bugle-Call" shows the departure of a

young English officer for the present war, and his farewell to his sweetheart. With considerable skill the authors have brought about their last scene, and when it comes there is hardly a dry eye in the house. Even Miss Sybil Carlisle, who played the part of the heroine charmingly, wiped away a real tear. Mr. Grahame Browne, whose very clever acting in "The Weather Hen" will be remembered by the persistent playgoer, acted excellently; and Mrs. E. H. Brooke was heartily applauded, and so was Mr. Blakiston. The changes made in "The Black Tulip" are wise, and the piece now runs brilliantly.

Miss Mamie Stanley is a charming young actress whose mercurial temperament eminently qualifies her to undertake parts in plays of a lively nature. Six years ago she started her career in "Jaunty Jane Shore," on tour; then she accompanied "A Gaiety Girl" round the provinces, and afterwards she portrayed an American heiress in "The Ballet Girl" with delightful pertness. Each Christmastide, too, she has regularly joined in the frolic of pantomime. She will do so again this season, and probably with all the more zest since lately she has been going in for "legitimate" business in the No. 1 Touring Company of Messrs. Hamilton and Raleigh's drama of "The White

Heather," in which she has been personating Lady Blanche Rossiter with considerable distinction.

Last week, Miss Dorothea Baird played Galatea at Banbury, the rest of the characters in Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea" being filled by Oxford amateurs. The performances, which proved a great success, were for a local charity. Miss Baird was playing Galatea with members of the O.U.D.S. some years ago, Mr. Croker-King being the Pygmalion, when Mr. Ben Greet saw her, and offered her a place in his company, and this eventually led to her being chosen to create Du Maurier's Trilby. At Banbury, Pygmalion was cleverly played by Mr. Frank Stevens, of the O.U.D.S., who achieved distinction in the character of Romeo two years ago, and added to his reputation by his performance of Orlando in "As You Like It," at Banbury, in the summer of last year. On that occasion, it may be remembered, Miss Dorothea Baird gave a delightful interpretation of the Rosalind.

Mr. Edward Compton brought out a new romantic comedy, by Mr. W. E. Grogan, at Oxford on the 22nd inst. The play, which is located in the middle of the last century, has a good plot and some clever character-drawing, but the general feeling of the critics, from the first performance, is that its four acts need compression. The title, "The Scarlet Coat," is derived from the particular coat worn by a highwayman, a Captain in the Guards, who, from pecuniary losses, has been obliged to leave the Army, and has taken to a public life of gambling and the private profession of highwayman. A pretty love-episode leads him to repent, but to play the highwayman once more to deprive a rival lover of a certain will. But the ending is not conventional; the rival marries the lady, and the ex-Guardsman rejoins and goes to the wars.



MISS MAMIE STANLEY.

Photo by Saville, Southport.



## MUSIC-HALL LITERATURE.

The Music-Hall—or "Theatre of Varieties," as it is mostly now called, when it is not styled a "Palace"—thereof—'s beginning to have quite a "literature" of its own. Not only have journals devoted to the interests of variety-shows and variety-artists increased apace, but nowadays essays and reviews, and even full-blown novels, are written around them. This increased interest is not to be wondered at, for, undoubtedly, to many a busy man—not to mention his wife or sweetheart, for, of course, the ladies "speak for themselves"—the music-hall class of entertainment supplies, as tradesfolk say, "a long-felt want," being, as one may say, everything by "turns" and nothing long.

Perhaps the most ambitious critical work yet issued in connection with the variety stage is one entitled "The 'Halls,'" recently published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. It is certainly somewhat high-priced for a work on this subject—six shillings, in point of fact. There is plenty of value for money, however, for it is quite a *de luce* production in its way; not only in respect of its typography and general "get up," but also as regards its illustrations. These are four-and-twenty large coloured plates, representing as many leading variety favourites. They have been "pictured"—as the book itself puts it—by Mr. G. F. Scotson Clark, an artist who has ere now often given striking proof not only of possessing drawing ability and an eye for colour, but also of quaintness of treatment. Among the popular "artists" thus pictorially set forth are Mr. Dan Leno, Mr. George Robey, Mr. Harry Randall, Mr. R. G. Knowles (who has lately gone in for "lecturing"), Mr. Herbert Campbell, Mr. Gus Elen, Mr. Eugene Stratton (whose latest method is much chastened), and Mr. Albert Chevalier, who has, so to speak, lately 'verted from the variety stage to the concert-room, from the music-hall to the Queen's Hall.

Among the ladies set forth in varied colours and divers attitudes are Miss Ada Reeve (who recently reverted to the theatre stage, on which she was originally trained); those two very merry Mariés, Miss Lloyd and Miss Loftus; and those two vivacious Vestas, Miss Tilley and Miss Victoria, all four ladies being, like Miss Reeve, given to "work" both theatres and halls as occasion may require.

Mr. Scotson Clark has depicted many of the above-named favourites realistically as well as rollickingly. Some few are scarcely so striking. All the plates, however, are likely to cause talk.

Whatever conversation may arise concerning these two dozen portraits of "variety" idols, it is pretty safe to predict that discussion of a more or less volcanic kind is certain to set in concerning the critical letterpress supplied by Mr. George Gamble. At least two sections of readers may be safely reckoned upon to denounce Mr. Gamble's mostly clever, but often too self-conscious, and always too sesquipedalian, denunciations of them—namely, most of the artists named, and especially the music-hall-going public, who are handled with a considerable amount of "culchawed" curtness.

### "SAVONAROLA," AND TOPICAL MILITARY BOOKS.

The reputation of Messrs. Sands and Co., the publishers, of Burleigh Street, will be greatly increased by their present list of new books. It is a large one, and contains many volumes that are sure of a hearty welcome. Fiction, of course, looms large among their fresh works, but the serious side of literature is also worthily represented by a new study of "Savonarola," from the pen of the Rev. Herbert Lucas, who has written in an impartial spirit and with thoroughness. The learned author has, indeed, produced a work that will probably be accepted as the standard book on the great Dominican.

Another book that is sure to be in great demand just now is

#### "THE TRANSVAAL UNDER THE QUEEN,"

by Lieut.-Colonel N. Newnham-Davis. This able and well-known officer had the fortune (or misfortune) to be on service in the Transvaal. In his own words, he "shot at glass bottles in competition with Piet Joubert, was an informal A.D.C. to Colonel Lanyon, copied despatches for Sir Theophilus Shepstone," and rubbed shoulders with the men out there who were making history. It is easy to understand the present demand for

#### "SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN,"

by Horace Wyndham, a contributor to *The Sketch*; he writes alluringly, and with a sympathetic pen, as a true friend to Mr. Tommy Atkins.

Lately, from an artistic point of view, the children have had the very best of everything. The development of the Toy-Book would make an interesting study. In publishing

#### "TWO WELL-WORN SHOE STORIES,"

pictured by John Hassall and Cecil Aldin, Messrs Sands are sure to score successfully. It is a book that, from beginning to end, will delight the heart of the child who is fortunate enough to become its possessor.

#### "TALE-PITCHER,"

Prince of Bohemians and jolly good fellows, who made the sides of Clubland sore with his inimitable "Gal's Gossip," is represented this winter by "Houndsditch Day by Day." It is a book to be kept from strait-laced relations and Sunday-School teachers, a book that no visiting clergyman would carry under his arm, but it would be difficult for even them to withstand its humour. It is a diabolically clever book.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

BY ADRIAN ROSS.

It is to be feared that the Queen's Christmas gift to Jack and Tommy Atkins will give opportunities to the Continental boulder to construct offensive remarks and pictures. Doubtless some of the French papers will picture our revered Sovereign in their usual exquisitely refined manner. And the comments of the scribes of the boulevards are easy to imagine. Possibly our soldiers will be given a new nickname, and that surrender of Ladysmith that takes place weekly in the foreign Press, but, hitherto, nowhere else, will be announced as "Grande défaite de Chocolats!"

And yet, how delightful the whole idea is! In the first place, it is so practical. Chocolate, as every mountaineer knows, is as nourishing as it is nice. Mr. Bernard Shaw's old campaigner in "Arms and the Man" filled his cartridge-box with chocolate. Tommy Atkins also will not mind being a "chocolate-cream soldier" for a time. He will mix a steaming cup in his bivouac on the veld, or will munch the tablet as he crouches in a shelter-trench or works slowly forward among the boulders. And the Boer prisoner will get his share or more of the solid or liquid refreshment, for he is fond of sweet things at home.

Then, again, there is something so motherly in the gift! It is like the act of a dear old lady with a huge family of boys. She cannot give them all valuable presents, but she knows that her boys will like chocolate, and not one shall be forgotten. It is such a thought as might occur to the mother of any one of us—to a mother always thinking of her children and anxious to please them. And the little tin box which Tommy will empty and use for his tobacco—that is another touch of thoughtful kindness. Each of the big boys at the hard School of War is to have not only his chocolate, but his specially designed box for it. "The Queen's Chocolate-box" will be as good as the South African medal. Only by service will it be won.

It is the one touch of homely feeling that should make our soldiers invincible. The Boer prospect is dreary enough as the days pass. Stubborn Transvaaler and fatuous Free Stater have finished their biltong long ago, and their crops are rotting at home for lack of reapers, while they live uneasily on commandeered cattle. And endless British soldiers are landing, landing, each with his regular rations and his "emergency" ration, and his box of chocolate for the coming New Year. The game is up, and the Boer will soon know it. Over the field of battle will ring the war-cries of our men, "Forward for Fry!" "Rally, Rowntrees!" "Cadbury company to the front!" blending in the final shout, "Charge for your chocolate!" And a war bard (Heaven knows we have plenty!) will soon tell us "How they brought the good chocolate from Orange River to Kimberley."

It is not magnificent, perhaps; but it is war, and war in its best aspect. The horrors of the conflict are tempered now by virtues and kindnesses shining out brighter on the dark background of misery. Fighting has greatly put an end to the show of race-hatred, except in parts where no resistance is offered to the invading Dutch. There, indeed, plunder and comic-opera proclamations are the order of the day, and the silly game of annexation goes merrily on; but Tommy and his chocolate, also lyddite and other stores, are at hand.

Elsewhere the combatants have learnt to respect each other, and fraternise when there is no actual fighting on hand. There is no personal animosity; it is a fair and square fight for dominion, and the side that will succumb may be expected to accept its fate in a manly and sensible way. "We did our best; we had good chances; we gave plenty of trouble; but we were beaten," is what the Boers will say, and this feeling is the safest foundation for future loyalty.

Our Indian Empire trembled in the balance when we fought the Sikhs; a few years later those very Sikhs saved India for us. We know how sturdily the French held out in Canada; there are French-Canadians by hundreds coming to help us in South Africa now. If ever our friends the Anti-Semites and patriots of France do embark their country on a "Revenge for Fashoda," we need not (though they may) be surprised to see a commando of Boers and a regiment of Natal Volunteers cleaning out Madagascar in happy unity. Stranger things have happened.

Then what howls would go up from the patriotic Press! Yet what right would France have to complain? Her journalists have spoken many wild and whirling words, but of money they are singularly chary. Now, wild words do no particular good to those whom they champion, nor any great harm to those whom they attack. Why be grateful for such help?

We, many of us, shall live to see the Queen, or her successor, sending chocolate to her (or his) Dutch soldiers engaged in widening the Empire—though, to be sure, they prefer coffee.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Nov. 29, 4.54; Thursday, 4.54; Friday, Dec. 1, 4.54; Saturday, 4.53; Sunday, 4.52; Monday, 4.52; Tuesday, 4.51.

It is likely enough that in the summer I insisted July and August were the finest months for cycling. But my moods change with the times, and now we are at the end of November I really want to say there is no period of the year for health and wheeling like early winter. Riding makes optimists of us all, and when we get grumpy and quarrelsome it is simply because we haven't ridden enough. I remember how in blazing July I would dawdle along a high-road—for I love dawdling—then turn down a shady lane, find a sheltering tree, and there idle an hour away doing nothing but smoking a pipe and listening to the hum of the insects. Now and then, however, there slipped into my slumbrous mind that in a month or two there would be fog, the trees would be naked of leaves, the roads would be miry, and the whole world stark and clammy. That was in July. But now, at the dark end of November, I recall that the roads were mighty dusty in the summer, that it was a terrible labour riding uphill, and that thirst was a complaint I had ever with me. So, after all, there is no time like the winter for cycling. I like every season in turn, and though, when spring comes, I may snarl a bit at the mud of January and February, I am sure just now that November is a charming cycling month. Enough for the day is the charm thereof. I fancy this is philosophy touched with optimism; but such is my mood to-day.

This afternoon I am off for a thirty-mile spin into Surrey. I'll get away after lunch, at two o'clock, and, all being well, I'll be back for afternoon tea at four-thirty. I did the same ride yesterday, and it was fine. My companion was a man I met out in the plains of India, one of those cheery, whole-hearted, honest-eyed men that you do come across in the East, sweltering their life under a shrivelling climate. The last time we were on bicycles together was near divine Agra in the palpitating month of May, when the heat lay in lumps on the road, and you felt you could shovel it up. What a difference it was yesterday! Dull, gloomy, with a blue haze of cold fog hanging over the earth. Away we swung into Surrey, the roads greasy in places, a bit rough with repairs in others, and the air biting and chill. But the thin fog was delightful. It gave houses and trees and men quite a Whistlerian indefiniteness. We rattled along at a brisk pace, and the damp that struck the cheek was refreshing. The exercise gave us vigour, and we slapped through the mud with cheery heart. That is what cycling does: it makes the blood pulse faster, and it makes you happy. On the homeward jaunt, the atmosphere was raw, and even gloomy to murkiness. But it was enjoyable, nevertheless. And, just when darkness began to close in, we reached home, taking fresh air into the house with us. We were ruddy and merry with cold. And that is the time a cup of tea and a hot buttered tea-cake tastes good. I'm off for the same ride this afternoon, for, as I've said, November is the real month for cycling.

On the whole, I was disappointed with the two big Cycle Shows. This wasn't the fault of the exhibitors, but rather my own. Though not so large in the number of exhibitors as formerly, there were quite as many interesting novelties. The mistake lay in that I had been anticipating too much, and so, in realisation, I came a cropper. Indeed, I had looked forward to a really bewildering display of inventions, and I rather fancied this year's show would be a fresh starting-point in the evolution of the bicycle. The one thing, however, that was dinned continuously into the visitor's ear, both at the Crystal Palace and at the Agricultural Hall, was the catch-cry of "Free-wheel!" Every exhibitor talked glibly about "Our new free-wheel," whereas the invention of the free-wheel is not new, and the principle was, usually, a patent that belonged to somebody else. The exhibitors were kind enough in explaining the mechanism, though I don't think one cyclist in fifty really grasped what it was all about. As far as I could judge, visitors were chiefly interested in the novelties that are ingenious, and rarely anything more. Indeed, I might go further, and say that not one visitor in five hundred cared a rap about the mechanism of the free-wheel. Only a few of us are mechanics. What we want to know about is the end, and not the means. And the question really to be settled is, Are free-wheels a beneficial invention?

Candidly, I am a sitter on the fence respecting free-wheels. I don't advocate them, and I don't denounce them. I am ready to be converted to their habitual use and to buy a machine to-morrow. But I haven't

been converted yet, and it is really a toss-up whether I will be. This much one can readily admit: that riding a free-wheel is fascinating, that it is really delicious to glide along a smooth road without the trouble of pedalling. But, as I have argued before on this page, there is no saving of energy. When a bicycle runs free on a level plane, it is propelled by exhaust energy, and to get the machine to start again requires a fresh amount of energy on the part of the rider. Now, it may be argued in return that the rider saves energy, because on an ordinary bicycle he would pedal on a slight decline, whereas on a free-wheel he wouldn't. But ask anybody who has tried a free-wheel without prejudice, and you will find that, whereas pedalling regularly and steadily becomes a mechanical motion, done unconsciously, it requires a constant effort of the mind when to stop pedalling on a free-wheel and when to start again. Indeed, many riders find that a free-wheel is much more tiring than a fixed-wheel. Makers are naturally "booming" the free-wheel because that means an increase of business. But one big maker confided to me the other day, when we were discussing the matter, that his personal impression was that, while next year free-wheels would be a positive rage, the rage would die out and we would revert to the present ordinary machine. Even if free-wheels should eventually pass away, we should think of them with kindly regard, because it was their growing popularity that revealed the absolute necessity for a good brake. The brake pressing on the tyre was never satisfactory. But now we have rim-brakes, excellent in every way, giving one absolute control over the bicycle, and these we are likely to have always with us. Brakes have now nigh reached perfection.

One of the things that the ardent cyclist laments over is the decline of bicycle-racing. Here is a sport in which everybody is more or less interested, rather similar, in the pleasure to be got out of it, to rowing. And yet, while the Universities vie with one another in oarsmanship, and while gentlemen delight to compete in regattas, there is a fighting shy of bicycle-races. This is not to be wondered at. There is ten times more hankey-pankeying on the bicycle-track than on the racecourse. Until recently, most of the competitors were paid representatives of particular firms of manufacturers. Only occasionally did the best man win, for the result of the race was either prearranged, or competitors entered a race for no other purpose than to surround one particular rider and prevent him from getting to the front. The public soon recognised these practices, and were disgusted. The questions put to a competitor by those controlling the racing were such that no gentleman would demean himself by replying to them. The rule seemed to be that, to be a racing cyclist, you must be more or less of an untruthful person. A cycle-race is second only in interest to a horse-race. But the day of cycle-racing seemed doomed when pacing was introduced. There is no honest

sport being paced by a motor-tricycle. The other evening I was talking to some Oxford men, and we all bewailed that cycling had really no recognised place in the sports of the Universities.

The control of racing has got into the hands of men, decent enough, well-intentioned enough, but yet hardly the sort of people that an Oxford or Cambridge man would care to have sit in judgment upon him. If there were more people like, say, Dr. Turner, the grumbling would soon cease. Now, cycling should be put on a level with rowing. There are many men in the Universities who feel this, and who are desirous of introducing really good racing. What undoubtedly is required is a meeting of the riders of both Universities. Let them form themselves into an association, and at the outset arrange amateur unpaced races between the two Universities. There will arise the usual cry of "snobbery," but this would soon be lived down. Indeed, the fact that there are gentlemen racers would have a great moral effect on racing altogether. And the time would soon arrive when bicycle-races would cease to have the contempt flung upon them that they now receive. I am sanguine enough to look forward to the time when there will be a week of cycle-races for amateurs, and the grounds of the Crystal Palace be as merry and happy a resort of sport-lovers as Henley in the famous week.

These are the days when the cyclist should be careful about his clothing. Many men own but a single cycling-suit, and they ride in this winter and summer alike. Travelling in raw air, to be properly enjoyed, should be after you have first properly clothed your body. You may think yourself warm enough clad in ordinary garb when you start out, but travelling swiftly through cold air strikes to the chest, and so to the lungs. Towards late afternoon, nowadays, it is not infrequently bitterly cold. You should wear thick woollen garments, or, better still, a tight-woven sweater that can be easily put on or taken off.—J. F. F.



DURBAN'S THREEPENNY HANSOM (RICKSHAW), WHICH HAS DRIVEN OUT ALL OTHERS FROM THE STREETS OF THE NATAL PORT.

Photo by Edwards, Littlehampton.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

Her Gracious Majesty's present of chocolate to our fighters in South Africa is one that commends itself to many racegoers who have sucked chocolate for years past. If you visit Waterloo, Victoria, Liverpool Street, or London Bridge before the departure of race-trains, you will see no end of people purchasing packets of chocolate to take



THE ROTHSCHILD STAGHOUNDS AT ASKRIDGE MONUMENT: JOHN BOORE, HUNTSMAN, AND THIS SEASON'S PACK.

*Photo by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsled.*

with them on their journey; and during a day's racing it is a common thing to see scores of people munching the sustaining sweetmeat, simply because they cannot devote the time to luncheon, and chocolate satisfies the craving for food. Men who a decade back nibbled at almonds and raisins the time racing was going on, now find that, by sucking chocolate, they have both hands free to use the pencil or to manipulate the field-glasses. I have gone through many a long day's work on sixpennyworth of chocolate-drops.

I have noticed several fat, half-trained horses competing in jumping-races of late, and speculators should, as a matter of precaution, have a look at the horses competing in hurdle-races and steeplechases before making their investments. I am told the best stables to follow will be those presided over by Escott, Collins, Swatton, Mr. A. W. Woods, and Mr. R. C. Dawson. The jockeys who are likely to be successful in the saddle are George Williamson, W. Taylor, A. Nightingall, T. Lane, Piggott, T. Fitton, Mr. G. S. Davies, and Mr. A. W. Wood. Those who travel the extensive Northern Circuit will, of course, follow the mounts of Messrs. Bell, Mr. Fergusson, Mr. A. Gordon, and A. Banner and R. W. Colling. The two last-named, by-the-bye, ride quite as well on the flat as they do over a country. T. Lunn, who is engaged to ride for Mr. Widger's stable, is very likely to ride a number of winners, and Dollery can be relied on to maintain his useful average for Swatton's stable.

Steeplechase meetings at Sandown are always successful, as the course is, in my opinion, quite as difficult to get over as is the Grand National track, and amateur riders especially favour a stiff country. The Grand Annual Hurdle-Race, to be run on Friday, has obtained a capital acceptance, and there may be at least a dozen starters, but I am bound to confess that the class of the winners will be nowhere near tip-top. If St. Pat is fit, he should win, as he is more than useful, while Vic, a recent winner, has been lightly treated. Turkish Bath has performed well over the course, and I think the race will be won by Turkish Bath or St. Pat. In the Welbeck Hurdle-Race, at Nottingham, I hear North Sea has been let down on the scale. I notice Captain Machell has left Chit-Chat in this race, and the horse has improved of late. The Great Midland Handicap Steeplechase looks, on paper, a good thing for Morello; that is, if the horse is fit.

The flat-race season that has just closed has been a disastrous one to backers generally, yet the members of the sharp division have done well, and many of the bookmakers have lost money on the year's transactions. I heard of a certain owner who admitted that he had never before won so many races, and yet had never lost so much money by betting as in 1899. Some of the form has been simply perplexing, and the sporting writers who flatter some of our leading jockeys should go quietly through the book and see how these popular idols have got on when riding first-favourites. One of the finest judges of a handicap of the century once told me, on the Epsom Grand Stand, that English trainers were fifty years behind the times. It was true then, and it is not far off the truth now. Their horses seldom win when they expect them to, while they often win when they are thought to have no chance. The consequence is that owners come and go, and, were it not for recruits being plentiful, the Turf would soon be no more.

A day or two back, I received a post-card from the Mansion House which had been addressed to "Captain Coe, care of the Lord Mayor." I suppose my correspondent thought I had gone to the Banquet, and should, as a matter of course, be living on the premises for about a fortnight. Some years since, a correspondent in Australia addressed a post-card to "Captain Coe, England," and it came to hand true to time; but another correspondent was not so fortunate, as he addressed me "Captain Coe, War Office, London," and the Knights of the Red Tape marked the card "Not known at the War Office." Ahem! However, the missive was delivered, after a few days' delay, to its proper owner. Correspondents, too, are very funny at times. Some years back, I received a little box through the post, on which I had fourpence to pay. When opened, it contained what looked like burned leather, and the following missive, "Coe. These be the ashes of the cremated Old Boots. You will be served the same unless you find us some good winners."

I remember hearing an owner of several big daily papers remark once that the best paper could always be produced out of the sub-editor's waste-paper basket. Anyway, the correspondence I have received would make very interesting reading. I once collected over two thousand curious letters, thinking they might come in handy for printing in book form; but at the last moment I discovered, to my sorrow, that the great majority of these were private and confidential, so I destroyed the lot. But these private and confidential missives often cause one to sit still and suffer. Thus, with the Sloan affair at Ascot, no one outside the charmed circle knows, or is ever likely to know, who actually first gave the details of the contretemps to me. Suffice it to say that it was the Bank of England to a cheap orange on my information being absolutely correct when it was printed, and history proved this conclusively. My motto on Press matters has always been "In doubt, leave out," but I knew my informant.

As I have before stated, the majority of the flat-race jockeys, when they go into winter quarters, will spend their time in hunting, shooting, skating when possible, and dancing. I think, however, that all of them should make a point of having plenty of experience with the starting-gate before another flat-race season opens, and the principal trainers ought to insist on the stable jockeys jumping off the two-year-olds from the gate in the early spring of 1900. It will be useless to acquaint the young horses with the "new-fangled notion" unless the jockeys that are to ride them are equally acquainted with the working of the gate. I am pleased to hear that tape-machines are to be erected on the majority of the training-grounds, and Clerks of Courses are looking about for machines to erect on their race-tracks. The Stewards of the Jockey Club wisely allow a good choice, and any one of those recommended by the Turf Senators should be good enough to satisfy all-comers. But they must be manipulated by experienced men.

I am afraid the War will cause a tame commencement to be made with racing under National Hunt Rules, as so many officers who are regular attendants at jumping-meetings are now on duty in South Africa. Luckily, the Government are hardly likely to "commandeer" our steeplechase horses. At the same time, I think Mr. Walter Long and Mr. Chaplin ought to suggest to their colleagues the advisability of encouraging the breeding of stout horses for military purposes, and I suggest that one or two of the big stud-farms now in the market might be purchased by the Government for this purpose. The establishments



LORD ROTHSCHILD GIVING DIRECTIONS AS TO UNCARTING THE DEER.

*Photo by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsled.*

could be made to pay by charging officers a reasonable sum for their horses, but nothing like the exorbitant sums many of them have to pay now. Private interests may suffer slightly by the change, but the main body of taxpayers would reap the benefit, and the soldiers would be better-horsed.

CAPTAIN COE.

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## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 12.*

## THE MONEY MARKET AND THE WEEK.

The Bank Return was a strong one, showing an increase in the Reserve of £129,000 and an improvement in the ratio from 41·5 per cent. to 43·2 per cent., but we still think that dear money may be expected until over the end of the year, and very likely a rise in the Bank Rate; if it were not going to be so, instead of all the jobbers talking Consols down, they would be flying about with stories of a coming rise, and there would be a much gayer tone about all gilt-edged investment stocks.

A year or two ago—even a few months ago—it would have been deemed nearly impossible for such a body as the Middlesex County Council to find a difficulty about raising a few hundred thousand pounds at 3 or 4 per cent., and yet this week sundry insurance companies refused to advance under 5½ per cent., while the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street would not even talk about coming to the rescue under 4½ per cent., so that people are saying the Council was fortunate in

yield is £4 6s. 3d. per cent. A Croydon correspondent has also courteously called our attention to the matter, but our sense of modesty forbids quotation of his complimentary letter. He can rest assured that he possesses a good security of the second-rate description.

## A RUMINATION BY RHODES.

"I always said so," muttered the Colossus; "always. Rhodesians in Bulawayo (Ah, no! not Kimberley) are as safe as Consols in Piccadilly. With this difference: that whereas Consols have attained a kind of oak-stained security with age, Rhodesians are still in the beautifullest season of budding springtime. And, of course, Consols are bearing fruit, while some of the Mashonaland things—just a few of them, anyway—have hardly come into flower, and exhale neither scents nor per cents. (There's a joke for the *Daily Telegraph* man! Wonder if the Censor will pass it? He oughtn't to.) Those Land Companies," he went on, nursing his knee, "are the best things to buy, did people only know it. Prices are high, I know that, and I told What's-his-name so when we were looking over that last English list we got in October. They tell me there are rumours of a 'boom.' Oh, hang these Boers! They'll get all the tips,

Mr. Rowsell.

Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Sheils.  
Lord A. Butler.Miss Macdonald, Miss Johnson, Mrs. Williams,  
Miss Williams, Miss Rhodes.Miss Jonas.  
Mrs. Zwiłgmeyer.

Mr. Mumford.

PARTY PRESENT AT THE LAUNCH OF THE S.S. "CECIL RHODES" ON NOV. 18.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

getting the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to accommodate with something under £150,000 at 3½ per cent., part for a year and the rest for three years. What a change from the days when 2½ per cent. municipal loans were rushed for!

Business has been very dead upon the Stock Exchange, as the truth of what we have been preaching about the absurd inflation of prices and the difficulty of relieving the situation in Natal begins to slowly come home to the public mind. We do not believe in foreign intervention or eventual defeat, but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that, the more the war drags, the more is the danger of Russia or France taking advantage of our difficulties to seize some coveted territory, and producing, perhaps, serious complications. No thoughtful man, looking at the prospects of the future, the probable price of money, the chance of more than one European Power taking advantage of our African trouble to grab something, the tedious campaign in front of us, and the other disturbing elements which make the future so uncertain, could be other than very chary about buying anything, especially high-class investment stocks, at present prices. A little bird whispers that Balcan Copper Corporation shares are the thing to gamble in; our readers must take the story for what it may be worth.

Our "House Hunter" asks us to correct a slip of his last week with reference to Grand Trunk Guaranteed Stock, the price of which he quoted at 82½, when, of course, it should have read 92½, at which the

while we hear nothing in this benighted hole." The Colossus frowned, and rang for coffee. It was brought in, and, sipping it, the mighty brow unbent. "Ah, well, I hope they will not go and rush shares up too high," he quoth. "If they do, the public will get so bitten that they will vow Rhodesia's every bit as bad as West Australia for wild-cats. No, it isn't!" and Mr. Rhodes thumped the table as a choir does an Anglican chant. "No! The country is right as rain—right as the Queen's reign, I had almost said; but they in London should not gamble like they do. Oh! Chartered! Chartered! wherefore art thou Chartered?"

Here we must respectfully draw the curtain. Its re-elevation reveals a different picture, set out in the middle of the page. It shows a portrait group taken a few days ago at the launch of the *Cecil Rhodes* on our River Colne. The boat has been built for the purposes of carrying the Cape to Cairo telegraph-line across Lake Tanganyika. Miss Edith Rhodes, the hero's sister, assisted at the interesting function.

## HOME RAILS.

It sounds rather strange advice to give people, that of telling them to buy Home Railway Preferences and Debentures, but that there is a rise coming in these within the next six months is as nearly certain as anything can be in the fickle world of finance. The gilttest-edged of them have fallen to prices at which many pay 2½ to 3 per cent.,



and the dearness of money of late has still further diminished prices. Next May, what shall we see? The Bank Rate won't keep up for ever, even if it goes to 6 before Christmas. After the year has fairly turned, there is sure to be a relaxation in the Money Market, and a consequent appreciation of the best investment securities. The end of the war will be in sight—that is putting it extremely, for we all hope and think that hostilities will be over long before the next May-flowers are with us—and the time will be drawing very near for the reduction of the interest on Consols.

But many will not look at Railway stocks that pay so small a rate of interest. For them the Ordinary stocks are the only investments worth having, and a speculator would as soon think of making money out of Home Railway Debentures as of manufacturing stars out of the old moons. While the few bears that are about chortle over the high Bank Rate, the bulls point exultingly to the excellent traffics shown by all the leading lines, and prices—torn by this frightful division—do not move. What tendency there is, is downwards, on the whole, and prices current are nearer the lowest levels of the year than the highest. There exist fears with regard to the working-expenses, now more an unknown quantity than ever, while the absence of business naturally tends to keep prices on the down grade, if they get off the dead-level of not moving at all.

District operators professed to be disappointed at the working-arrangement with the South-Eastern and Chatham Companies foreshadowed in the Company's Bill to be laid before Parliament. We must say that we *don't* like the ways of the District cliques, and should be very chary in advising operations either way. We repeat, without hesitation, our advice to buy North-Western Consolidated and North-Eastern Consols, while Great Western Ordinary stock at 169 need not be considered very dear.

#### FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

Well, not over fit," said The Broker, replying to the morning salutation as he entered the carriage. "Run down a shade, I suppose. The doctor gave me some quinine and iron, so——"

"Iron? Who said 'iron'?" The Engineer asked, emerging into view from behind his *Times*.

"I said 'iron.' What's the matter with you?" rejoined The Broker, with the jealous air of anyone suffering from a small complaint.

"Nothing's the matter with me," retorted The Engineer. "I thought you were gassing about Iron shares, that's all. And I meant to add that I think you have actually got a decent tip at last. As a rule," he went on, with the candour of an intimate friend, "you Stock Exchange men——"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," purred The Banker, "let us not quarrel. Besides, it is bad for my nerves."

"Take quinine and iron," remarked The Broker.

"That reminds me," said The Engineer. "As I was saying, Iron shares and Coal and Steel are all going to have pretty lively times, I can tell you. People I know in different parts of the country who are in the trade tell me that the Iron 'boom' is going to cut out your Kaffir affairs altogether. And you can't have any hankey-pankey over a 'boom' in things that are under your very eyes."

"Who called the kettle black?" demurely queried The Quiet Man; but his remark went unnoticed.

"Well, what have you bought yourself?" demanded The Broker, who always preferred practice to theory.

"Ebbws Vales, because they're most easily dealt in. But even in them there's not much of a market. And you keep your eye on Tin things, too."

"Tin soldiers?" inquired The Jobber.

"And real ones," chimed in The Merchant. "Fancy those men having practically the whole Stock Exchange at their feet! What a chance for Sir Redvers Buller!"

"Shows the state of *your* morals." It was The Jobber who spoke. "Personally, I think you will see a good deal lower prices in the Kaffir Market before you have permanently better ones. By the way, how about our half-crown fine?"

Everybody was intently studying his paper, and The Jobber smiled at the silence he had created. By-and-by, a muffled voice was heard behind The Banker's full-spread sheet.

"What did Consols really close last night?" it said.

The Merchant looked at The Broker, who, in his turn, stared inquiringly at The Jobber, and he lifted puzzled eyebrows at The Quiet Man. Then each one looked at his paper.

"Why I asked was because my journal gives three different prices," said The Banker. "There is one here in the tape quotations, another in the Money Article, and the third at the top of the paper's own list of prices. Which can one go by?"

"Oh, that's nothing!" airily observed The Broker. "That's one of the financial papers, isn't it? Ah! I thought so. I must telephone to the br——"

"My dear sir," expostulated The Banker, "your language is deteriorating, I think."

"So would yours, if you suffered like we did from the paper. A client leaves us an order to buy Chartered, say, at  $4\frac{1}{8}$ . Well, we watch it like a policeman does a cook, and the price never goes below an eighth. Next day, one of the things says, 'Chartered were freely offered at  $4\frac{1}{8}$ ,' and then the man comes round, and——"

"But surely you can explain the paper is wrong?"

"My dear, good sir, did you ever know any man on earth"—("What a frightful reflection as to his last abode!" interjected The Jobber

*sotto voce*)—"who would accept a verbal statement when there's something in print that denies it? Human nature is——"

"A bull," promptly finished The Jobber. "Consequently, when you have finished talking, let me advise you to put your clients into Eastern Telegraph stock. It is about 160, and going better."

"What, with the wireless scare and the new Pacific Cable coming on? Not I!"

"The wireless scare, as you call it, won't affect the Eastern Company a bit, my sonny. And the Pacific Cable isn't even started yet, so you will have a two-years' run for your money at any rate. Plenty of time to get in and out before then, you know."

"Perhaps so," said The Broker pensively. "It is very hard to know what to put people into nowadays."

"Industrial shares," said The Quiet Man, "do not appear to be particularly sought after at the present time. And yet one must do something with one's money."

"That's the worst of having such a beastly lot," sympathised The Jobber. "Now, if you were only a poor beggar like me, you would go and put your savings into some West Australian or Kaffir thing, and very likely see the whole lot gone in a single day. It all comes of wanting to be rich so quickly."

"What a moralising lot we are this morning!" exclaimed The Broker. "Why, you are all as bad as the cobbler who told Sam Weller that he had been ruined by having some money left him. And you know what Sam said."

"No, we don't. What *did* he say?" chorused three or four.

"What Sam Weller said was this: 'I only wish that some rich enemy 'ud try to work my destruction that 'ere way. Wouldn't I let him!' And so would any of you. Good morning, you hoary sinners!"

#### A COMING ISSUE.

It is said that the prospectus of the Wyndham Theatres, Limited, is shortly to see the light of day, and the exact figures of the coming issue were given the other day by an enterprising contemporary. We have not seen the actual prospectus, but it is probable that an issue of debentures and 6 per cent. Preference Shares will be made.

#### NEW ISSUE.

The Briseis Tin Mines, Limited, is a new company with £600,000 capital in £1 shares, one-third of which is issued to the Vendors in part-payment of the purchase-money. Of the 400,000 shares offered to the public at par, £90,000 in cash will be reserved for working capital, &c. The Briseis Tin Mining property is situated at Derby, in the North-Eastern Tin-Field of Tasmania, and covers, it is stated, an area of about 180 acres. The Briseis tin-bearing deposit is estimated to yield 5,808,000 cubic yards of drift. The prospectus adds: "Allowing only one per cent. of black oxide of tin (yielding 74 per cent. metallic tin), which Mr. Kayser believes to be under the average, on account of the very rich dirt met with in the deep ground, this would give a result of over £4,000,000 as the value of the tin ore, calculating the price of pure tin at only £100 per ton, which is considerably below the present price." This valuation does not embrace the Cascade Lead on the property. The present issue will provide, as aforesaid, £90,000 cash, available for improvements on the property, additional water-supply, additional plant, machinery, &c., and, if thought advisable, the acquisition of the adjoining property owned by the Krushka Brothers.

Saturday, Nov. 25, 1899.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. M. B.—Our inquiries as to the Electric Lamp Company are most unsatisfactory. Nobody on the Stock Exchange seems to know anything about it, but the general idea is that it is—well, not to use unkind words—a bad egg. Write it off as a dead loss. We have returned you the prospectus.

GILL.—The mine you name is a speculative one situated on the Croydon field, in Queensland. The capital is small, and the market a very limited one. Those connected with the property profess great faith in it, and nobody else knows anything. We are not in love with the shares as a speculation.

KENNINGTON.—The broker's name has been sent to you. As to Kaffirs, our opinion has been so often expressed that you cannot have read our Notes and ask the question. We think the present prices are far too high, considering the state of the war.

O. N. X.—We are obliged for the letter, which is interesting. Our view was about the same as that stated therein. The people were *once* very big; but the Baring smash practically ruined them, and they are now a mere shadow of the old house. We cannot read your figures as to how much "B" stock you bought. If £1000 nominal, the charge should be about right. The letter has been returned.

OLIVE.—If you know so little, you are very foolish to be dabbling. (1) We see no reason except dear money for you to sell. (2) Ditto. (3) Ditto. (4) You can hold the Salt Debentures, and need not alarm yourself. The interest is quite safe, and, although the market is not a good one, anybody would lend you 80 per cent. of the value at a moment's notice. If you want to get out, tell your broker to negotiate a sale. (5) The Lion Brewery is first-rate. A call is most improbable, but the shares are £25, with £17 paid, and a liability of £8 each. If this was called up, it would be a splendid thing for you. There is a free market, and you can buy and sell shares with ease. The present price is 42½. Buy yourself some Inter-Oceanic of Mexico "A" Debentures, or Buenos Ayres and Pacific Second Debentures, and don't be so nervous.

F. S.—Thank you for your letter. The price mentioned by you was clearly a slip made by the Member of the House who writes the Stock Exchange letter. We have called his attention to it, and you will find it alluded to in our Notes. The stock is not a bad investment even at present price, but we prefer one of the Mexican or Argentine Railway stocks which we have mentioned in our Notes during the last fortnight or three weeks.

POBREZA.—We do not like any one of the three things you mention, and certainly see no reason to buy the last.

PARIS AND G. G.—We have written to you.

Mrs. P.—We have sent you the broker's name.